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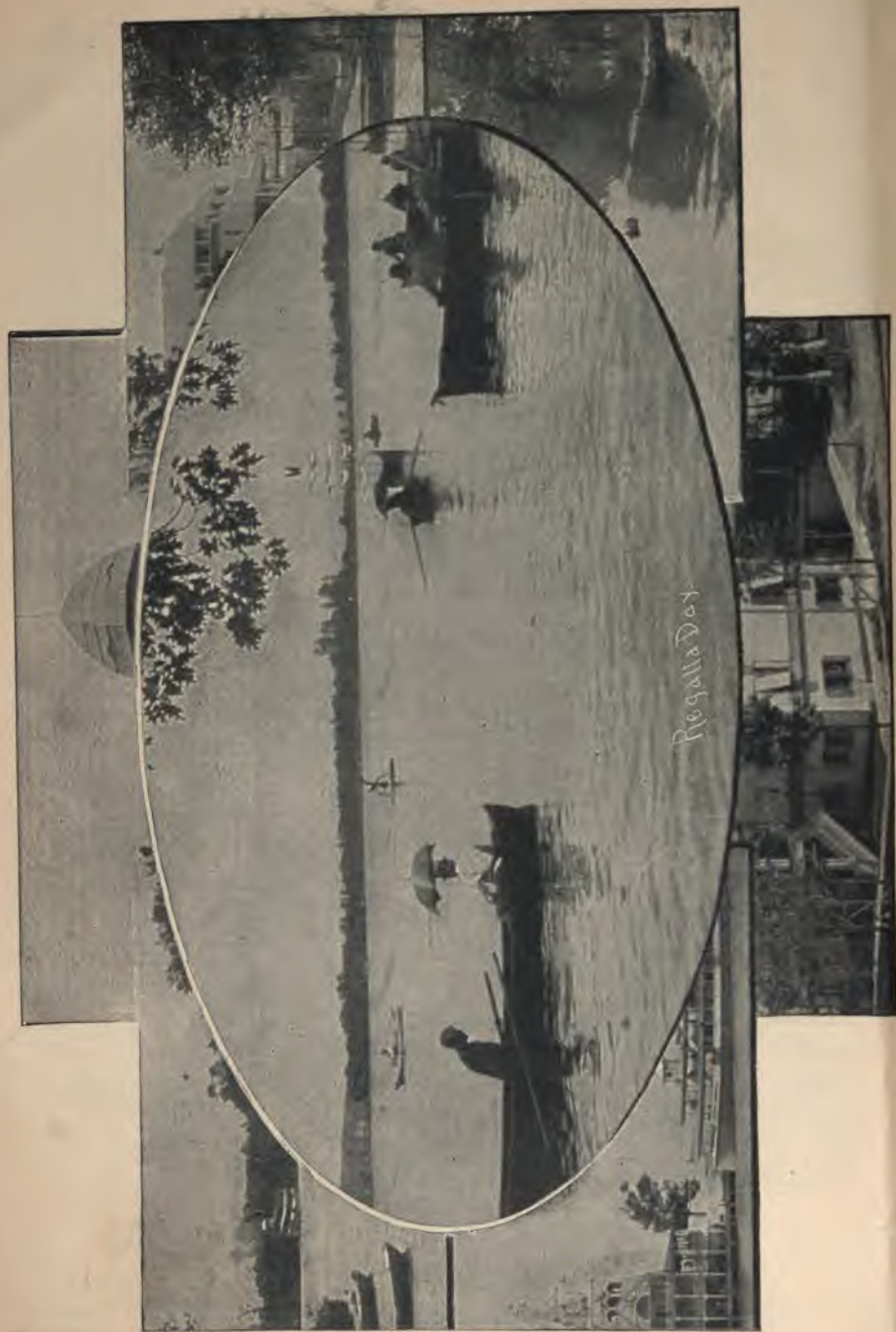
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PREPARED AND ISSUED, 1893,

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**T**O the Tourist in search of the best transcontinental route, and at the same time in search of grand and beautiful scenery, this little book is dedicated.

On the route traversed by the JUDSON EXCURSIONS the tourist finds an embarrassing array of beauty. The pleasure-seeker, among so many attractions, is at a loss which to choose, and, having made a choice, he is frequently troubled with doubts as to the wisdom of his selections. Recognizing this fact, the JUDSON EXCURSION COMPANY have chosen a route from the Atlantic to the Pacific which will surpass the expectations of the most sanguine.

It is a remarkable fact that this journey, if pursued in the line laid down in the following pages, is cumulative in its character. Like a well-constructed drama, the interest grows stronger and stronger with each stage of its progress until the final scenes among the Rocky Mountains, which are an overpowering climax of grandeur and majesty. The points of interest are practically innumerable, and the observing tourist will discover many beauties and attractions which are not described by the writer. Only those scenes which are of transcendent interest have been touched upon, and in the following pages the reader only obtains a bird's-eye view of the tour.

The writer wishes to say that this book is not a literary work, but a description written by one well acquainted with the beauties and attractiveness of the route, and who can recommend it to every tourist as combining America's grandest scenery.





## Sunset on Salt Lake

With awe I watch the sun go down  
Across the great Salt Lake,  
The mountains don their golden crown,  
The soaring seagulls circle round,  
The gentle billows break.

And when I scan what's made for man,  
To make his heart grow glad,  
With wonderment my heart I hush;  
I feel the flush of shame's hot blush,  
Because my soul is sad.

# OCEAN TO OCEAN.

## DESCRIPTIVE.

### I.



LEAVING Boston from the Fitchburg Railroad station, situated on Causeway Street, just on the margin of "The Charles," the praises of which Longfellow has so lovingly sung, —

"River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea,"

as the train leaves the station the traveller sees that "bosom" on the right; and on the right bank of the river, beyond the bridges, a glimpse is caught of a part of that forest of masts which edges the shore of Boston. On the left bank of the river the tall chimney, great ship-houses, and other buildings of the United States Navy Yard are seen, with the huge war-ships anchored before it in "the stream" or tied to its quays. And nearer still are the splendid wharves and buildings of the Hoosac Tunnel docks and elevators, recently acquired by the Fitchburg Railroad Company at a cost of \$2,000,000, which at once impress the beholder with the superior conveniences which this line has for the transfer of freight to shipping. Great sailing and steam vessels are always to be seen here, discharging and receiving cargoes from and to all parts of the world, — railroad tracks extending to the very ends of the piers.

The next instant the tall granite obelisk of Bunker Hill meets the traveller's eye, then a bewildering move of trucks, and cars from every part of the country, while beyond are the frowning walls of the State Prison.

The train proceeds quickly over a long causeway to Somerville, which is seen on the right, covering numerous beautiful hills, — a city which is largely a bedroom for Boston. From this point a fine view is also obtained of Bunker Hill monument, and the other church-crowned hill west of it which was the real Bunker Hill, and to which the Continental troops were sent to throw up their redoubt.



At the Somerville end of the causeway or bridge is the McLean Asylum for the Insane. On the left is East Cambridge, with innumerable manufactories, and one of the Middlesex County court houses and jails.

The line now passes through a thickly settled portion of Cambridge, the centre of which is not far distant on the left, with Harvard University and the beautiful common on which, under a noble elm still standing, Washington took command of the Continental army in 1775, concerning which Oliver Wendal Holmes wrote, in the dark April days of 1861, —

" Eighty years have passed, and more,  
Since under the broad old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their banners bore,  
And fight till the land was free."

Beyond Cambridge the branch railroad turns southward to Fresh Pond and Watertown. This branch road was built a few years before the line to Fitchburg, and it was at this point that the two roads connected their tracks; and their early consolidation carried the Fitchburg to the north door of Boston, and at once gave it character and financial standing. Wide marshes are next crossed, and then Belmont, noted for its excellent market gardens (some of which may be seen) and its beautifully-located residences. Several suburban stations are passed and

## WALTHAM

entered, a place of busy manufacturing and comfortable homes. Here on the river Charles the first cotton-mill of our country with power-looms was built, and here the distinguished Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks was a "bobbin-boy" in his youth, and this city is still his home. Near by is the factory of the celebrated Waltham watches, which gives employment to a large number of men and women. The water seen on the left is that of the Charles, which now turns southward, and this is our last view of it. A few miles beyond, Lake Walden is seen on the right. Before this beautiful sheet of water was made a picnic resort, it was the favorite haunt of the nature-loving Thoreau, who spent many months in hermit life in a hut on its shores. It was during that time that, somewhere along here, he saw that to which he refers in *Walden*: "Formerly, when or how to get my living honestly, with freedom left for my proper pursuits, was a question which vexed me even more than it does now, for unfortunately I am become somewhat callous. I used to see a large box by the railroad, six feet long by three wide, in which the laborers locked up their tools at night, and it suggested to me that every man who was hard pushed might get such a one for a dollar, and, having bored a few auger-holes in it to admit the air, at least get into it when it



rained at night, and hook down the lid, and so have freedom in his love and in his soul be free. This did not appear the worst, nor by any means a despicable alternative. You could sit up as late as you pleased, and, whenever you got up, go abroad without any landlord or houselord dogging you for rent. Many a man is harrassed to death to pay the rent of a larger and more luxurious box who would not have frozen to death in such a box as this." And then he goes on in a sober vein, quoting facts about the economical comforts of our fathers, and improving his opportunity to teach some wholesome lessons. But Thoreauan meditations awakened by the sight of Walden are soon interrupted by the approach to

### CONCORD,

strangely named for one of the most widely known battle-places of the world. But its quiet and harmony were rudely jarred by the invasion of the British troops, April 19, 1775, and the first resistance made to them by the Provincials, concerning which Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote his well-known lines:—

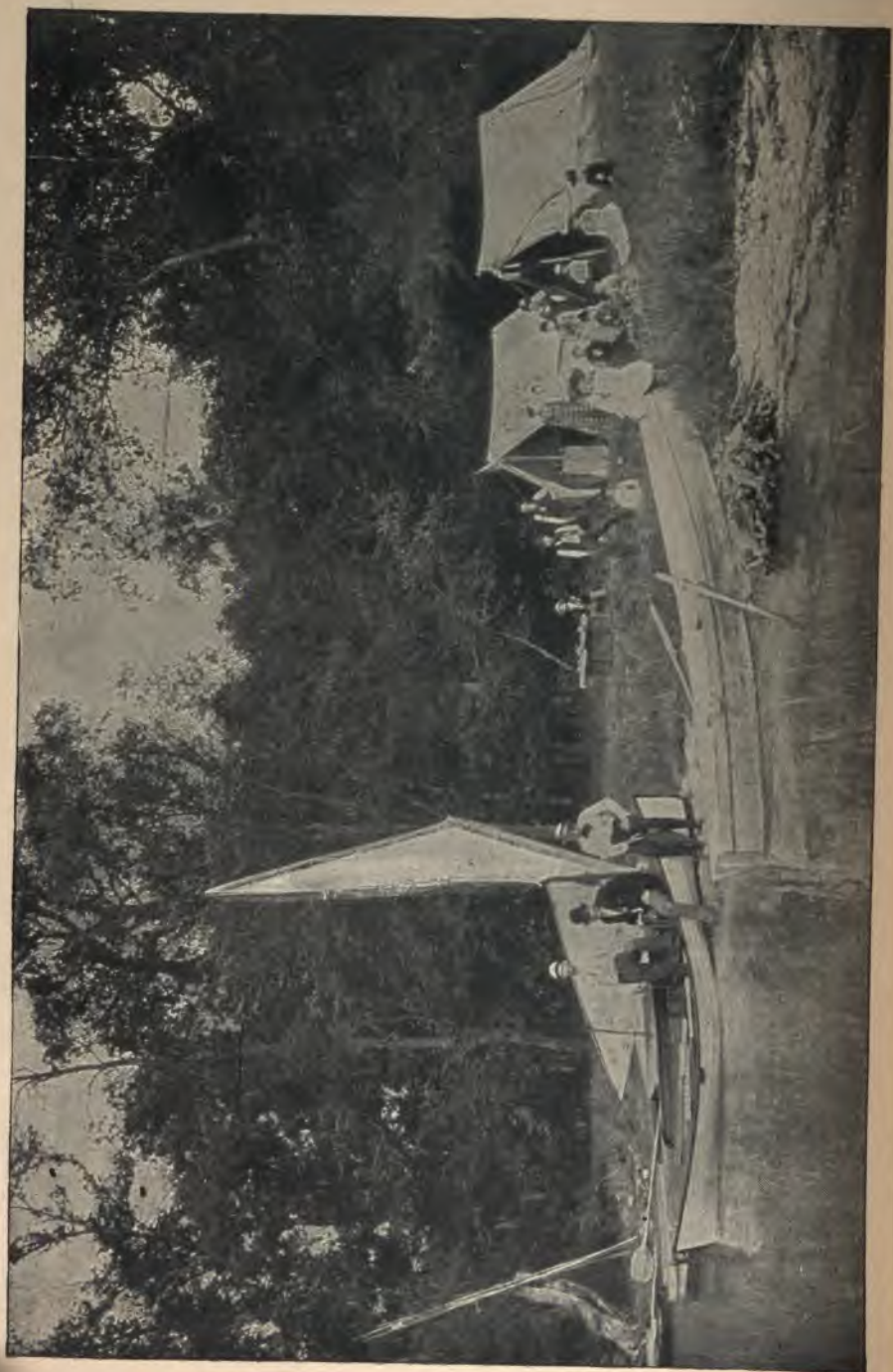
" By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

In this century such poets, authors and philosophers as Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts—father and daughter—have succeeded in restoring the suggestiveness of the town's name, and Concord is now a place of resort for pilgrims drawn thither by a variety of motives. It is quite probable that as the train proceeds these dreamy and soothing reflections will be disturbed by the sight of a pile of brick buildings on the right, a few miles further on at Concord Junction, for this is the State's Reformatory Prison.

The hardened and older criminals are sent to Charlestown; but those for whom a reasonable hope of reform is entertained are sent to this institution, and the results thus far have warranted the experiment. The railroad is crossed at this point by the Lowell branch of the Northern Division of the Old Colony Railroad.

At South Acton, the next station, the Marlboro and Hudson branch diverges to the left, to two large manufacturing towns,—the former an old, large, and beautiful place, and the latter a younger but larger town, named for the Hon. Charles Hudson.

Acton, in which town are the stations of South and West Acton, is on the main line, and is a beautiful, well-watered country town, principally distinguished as having supplied the first two men slain by the British troops in the Concord fight, its company of minute men having instantly marched





to Concord on the first alarm, and their captain, Isaac Davis, being one of those victims.

Between here and Fitchburg there is nothing special to note in a pleasant country except the important railroad centre of Ayer. Here the Peterboro and Shirley branch of this line diverges on the right. It was originally projected to extend to Peterboro, N.H., but the Pack Monadnock and Temple Mountains discouraged it, and the road was terminated on their east side, at Greenville, N.H. The line of this branch passes through a beautiful but hilly country, and is sloped like a fish-hook, Ayer Junction being at its shank end and Greenville at its point. At Ayer the Worcester, Nashua & Portland Railroad is crossed at a right angle, supplying connection north and south.

Just before reaching

### FITCHBURG

the railroad line approaches the bank of the Nashua River, whose course it follows through and beyond the city. The latter is a picturesque place, built principally on the steep hillsides, in some places people being able to look down on to the chimney tops of the houses next below them; most of the streets go up and down, few of them are on a level. The narrow river has a great fall, and so supplies good water-power, which is utilized by a large number of manufactories. The place was named for John Fitch, who was one of its principal citizens when it was incorporated as a town in 1764. Before this it was a part of Lunenburg, and was called Turkey Hill, from the large number of wild turkeys which resorted thither for the acorns and chestnuts which grew there abundantly. The city is the half-shire town of Worcester County, and noted for the religious and thorough-going temperance character of its people, and their business enterprise and thrift. For several miles west of Fitchburg the grade is steep, and the traveller has time to note the valley and stream below him, and the great hills on either side.

### WACHUSETT MOUNTAIN.

United States Survey: 2,480 feet above tide water.

Mount Wachusett undeniably is the leading mountain resort in New England, as attested by three thousand guests who were last year entertained at the Summit House, which is nearly four times greater than the patronage the opening year. From the observatory the visitor beholds a vast expanse of undulating country, which, for diversification of view, it is impossible to surpass, and a description of which would put to the severest test the most graphic writer. Three hundred and sixty-three towns and villages are discernible, together with countless valleys and hills. Innumerable are the rivers, that resemble sinuous silver threads, winding in and about the hills

and dales, all furnishing a feast for the vision that must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Connections are made by stage line, at the Union Depot, Fitchburg, for the Mountain.

Continuing on the main line we cross the uplands of Massachusetts, entering the valley of the Miller River which it follows westward for many miles, passing several country towns and the large villages of Athol and Orange. At

### MILLER'S FALLS,

the New London Northern Railroad is crossed, which supplies connection northward to the very beautiful town of Northfield — where Mr. D. L. Moody's home is, and his Young Ladies' Seminary — and to Brattleboro', Vt. From Boston or Southwestern New England, this is the most direct route to both of those places. Just beyond Miller's Falls, beautiful Lake Pleasant is seen on the right. Beyond is Montague, whose praises Dr. J. G. Holland has so abundantly sung: —

"Thou lovely vale of sweetest stream that flows:  
Winding and willow-fringed Connecticut."

And the line has now penetrated not only a beautiful section of country, but one where every square mile has its legend or authentic fact connecting it with days of the early settlement,— the days that tried men's souls,— for a mile up stream are Turner's Falls, where there was a sanguinary battle with the Indians in King Phillip's war; and just across the river is Deerfield,— and to mention that name is to recall Indian ambuscades, massacres, and captivities, and to suggest innumerable stories wherein fact and legend fascinatingly blend and delight those who love the past. After crossing the Connecticut River, East Deerfield is seen; then the charming Deerfield River is crossed, whose valley is to be followed for many miles. Just beyond, a short branch diverges on the right to Turner's Falls, a thrifty manufacturing village on the Connecticut River, at the point where the bloody Falls Fight occurred in 1675. In the mile beyond the Junction of the Turner's Falls branch, the main line is carried along a steep bank and under a ragged bluff of Connecticut valley red sandstone, through which the Deerfield has here worn a deep channel.

As the Fitchburg train comes out from under the Connecticut River Railroad, a landscape of uncommon beauty bursts on the vision for a moment. Down at the left is old Deerfield town; nearer are its celebrated meadows, through which winds the usually shallow current of the Deerfield River, which, out in the meadows, is joined by the Green River. These meadows are of surprising beauty, and possess wonderful fertility; some



miles beyond, the railroad passes along their westerly side, when they are again seen for a longer time and to greater advantage. At Cheapside, the line abruptly turns north for a mile and enters

### GREENFIELD,

"The grand old shire of Franklin,  
The Deerfield valley gem;"

the shire-town of Franklin County, Mass., and beautiful for situation and adornment of God and man. It is a delightful place of summer sojourn. At Greenfield all express trains stop for meals.

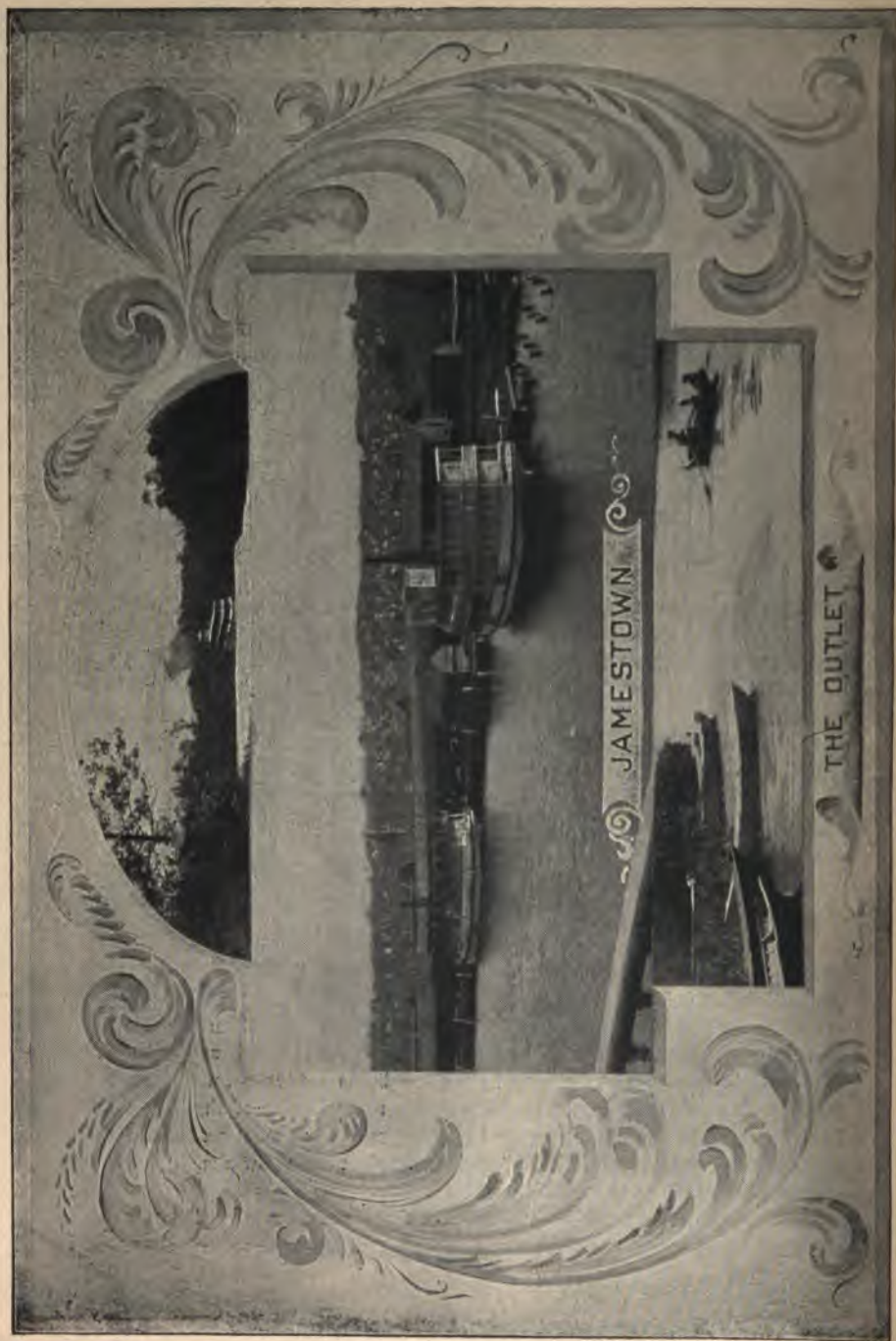
The line now turns westward again and crosses the Green River on a high bridge, and then turns southward along the hill, or mountain, side of West Deerfield, some of the way through deep cuts, and some of the way where another view is obtained of the Deerfield meadows, with the historic town on the opposite side. The land is laid out in lots long and narrow; and the alternation of tilled and grass land, or of various crops, gives it a variegated and attractive appearance.

Beyond old Deerfield, to the southeast, seen from the left of the train, is South Deerfield, which was the scene of the Bloody Brook Massacre of early colonial days; and just beyond that town rises the most picturesque hill or mountain of the Connecticut Valley. It is called Sugar-Loaf, from its shape; the Indian designation was Wequomps. It is composed of bright red sandstone, and is as abrupt on its west face as though cut down with a huge cheese knife. When once fairly seen, Dr. Holland's reference to it in "Kathrina" will be understood and appreciated:—

"Bald with the storms and ruddy with the suns  
Of the large sons, stood Sugar-loaf,  
Gazing with changeless brow upon a scene  
Changing to fairer beauty evermore."

And still beyond, in the blue distance, the sharply defined line of the Holyoke mountain range can be seen. But while the traveller is entranced with the view, the train rounds a curve, a white suspension bridge spanning the Deerfield is seen some distance below the line on the left, and then the direction is again westward along the steep rocky banks of the Deerfield, which shows a peaceful, purling, and rippling current at most seasons of the year; but being "mountain born" and nurtured, it can show a raging, angry torrent after great rains or melting snows.

After passing Bardwell's station, where there was formerly a ferry across the river, the line crosses the stream, and is at once joined by the New





Haven & Northampton Railroad, in the midst of a cut through a great ledge which is topped and flanked by a vast clay-bank. Just beyond, on the opposite side of the river, on the right of the train, a beautiful cascade is visible in the wet season, almost rivalling the Silver Cascade of the White Mountain Notch. And streams that can supply such beauties are very common on all these hillsides for twenty-five miles; of which Aslla Greene has said:—

“Bright brooks! they come from heaven,  
To teach the tuneful art,  
And woo men from their sorrows  
And from their cares apart.”

For many miles the line follows the bank of the Deerfield, now along a rocky gorge through which the river has cut its way, and anon through green fields and rich meadows which border it. It passes •

### SHELBURNE FALLS,

a flourishing manufacturing village crowded in between the hills, and which gets\* its water-power from falls of considerable height and beauty; and beyond this place the river twists and worries its way through ledges and between hills, where the rapids are always worth viewing, but especially so at flood-time in the river. At Charlemont the scenery is as rural and quiet as one can imagine, and seems just the place for the early home of Charles Dudley Warner, the charming writer; it was in this beautiful narrow valley, shut in by high mountains, but diversified by the Deerfield River, that he tried “being a boy,” which experiment he has so fascinatingly told in his book with that title. The next station bears the name of Zoar; and when the traveller looks for the village he may recall the words of Lot about the ancient place of that name, “Is it not a little one?” Meantime the railroad has again crossed the river, and proceeding on its north bank around some great bends for several miles, it suddenly crosses it again where the valley bears away to the north, and up which there is a pretty view. The train is now face to face with the high and steep mountain wall, and passes into the

### HOOSAC TUNNEL.

For five miles the line under “the hills” is lighted by twelve hundred and fifty incandescent electric lights, and the train emerges at North Adams to greet the beauties of the Hoosac River valley.

Its peculiarity lies in the fact that it has three valleys, each with many natural beauties, — the Hoosac, the Williamstown, and the Stamford. Along these valleys lies the village of





## NORTH ADAMS,

sometimes called "The Tunnel City," and it is so hidden in the valleys, in quiet dells and nooks, that a good view of the village is not obtained unless from some lofty height. Its population is about sixteen thousand.

The town's history runs back to the French and Indian war, and the site of the old Fort Massachusetts, on the Hoosac River, near Braytonville, between North Adams and Williamstown, is marked by an elm tree which was planted many years ago by the Williams College students. It is on the Harrison farm, and it is a wonder to many why the fort should have been placed there, for on each side are sharp ledges from which the Indians could command almost with ease the interior of the stockade and fort.

Emptying into the east branch of the Hoosac, a mile from the centre, is Hudson's Brook, rising in Clarksburg, and upon which stream is the great curiosity of Northern Berkshire,—the Natural Bridge. This was the spot which entranced Hawthorne, who spent a long time in North Adams, and whose *American Notes* brings into prominence many characters of the town in past years. This enlarged fissure, down through which the water rushes, is in white marble, discolored by time and the action of the water so that the stones are gray. The depth of the fissure is at least sixty feet, and at several points the stone almost closes over. The upper end of the chasm is very narrow, but it widens after the plunge of the stream and is accessible, forming a spacious chamber. The echoes are grand in the subterranean passage. There are numerous pools, and protruding spurs of rocks divide the stream, so that each fissure is almost a cave by itself. The stream once fell over a high precipice on the south, but, through chemical action, has disintegrated the limestone beneath it, leaving two masses of rock connecting the sides and forming natural bridges, though the upper one is much broken. The lower one is arched, and the stream runs fifty feet below it, the average width of the brook being about fifteen feet. In times of low water people walk beneath the bridge. A cave exists a little west of the top of the chasm, large enough to be entered with some trouble, and permitting one to stand erect in some places. The history of its discovery is that a man named Hudson, living in Clarksburg, carrying home a deer and passing this spot, let it slip from his shoulder and lost it down a hole into this cave. It is without doubt one of the most romantic spots, and one of the rarest bits of the work of nature, in all Berkshire. It is within easy walking distance from the village.

The Notch is an interesting part of the town, west of the village. The foot-hills, Witt's Ledge, and the other hill connecting south, are its eastern boundary, and the mountains in the Taconic spur its western. The Notch

Brook supplies the town with water, and the stream has upon it "The Cascade," where the mountain stream comes tumbling saucily along until it makes an abrupt plunge of about forty feet into the abyss below. There is a deep gorge between the hills, with overhanging rocks covered with moss and ferns; and here, in the deep shade of the pines, the situation is sombre and romantic. In this range of foot-hills tradition has it that there exists a cave, but of late years its location is not known. After passing North Adams we reach

### WILLIAMSTOWN,

named in honor of Col. Ephraim Williams, who fell in the battle of French Mountain, near Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755. The college which bears his name, and whose record is one that Berkshire is proud of, was founded by him.

In area this is a large town; its boundaries are mainly the "grand old hills of Berkshire" on all sides, and its scenery is fascinating. Standing in the village, which is on an elevated plateau as it were, one looks in all directions and sees the peaks rising on every hand. In the village there is a sentiment characteristic of many of the Berkshire towns, and yet peculiarly strong in Williamstown, of great admiration and love for the old college town.

The students, when they return to reunions and "commencements," somehow seem to come no more to shake hands and recount the pranks of their college days than to see the old campus and gaze again upon the hills on every hand, changing with every month of the year, and get another breath of the pure air of the beloved town.

In the mountain chains or ranges on nearly every side, with the high ground near the college buildings as a centre, are peaks or prominent points, and these have names, most of them of local interest. To the east, the farthest to the left, as one stands near the college chapel or Mansion House, is Mount Hazen, named for the first surveyor who ran the lines in 1741; the next, south, is Hudson's Heights, so named for Capt. Seth Hudson, the last commander of Fort Massachusetts and the last survivor of the original settlers. The next is Mount Emmons, 12,276 feet high, where a copper bolt was placed in the early survey; the next is Smeadley Height, so named for one of the old settlers in the valley, and still owned by one of the descendants. Still looking east, and farther south, as the range swings away southerly, is the Saddle Range. Saddle Mountain, as it appears from the distance, is practically in three lobes, there being Raven Rock, with the road to Greylock in the valley between that and the Greylock lobe, which is the highest, and Mount Prospect, which is the western lobe, cut off to near the middle by the streams issuing from Greylock, making "The Hopper," so



called. The north end of the central lobe, and in plain view from every part of the village, is Mount Williams, so named in honor of the founder of the college. The next peak to the south on this central lobe is Mount Fitch, commemorative of the first president of Williams College, and the next is Greylock itself, seen from every part of Berkshire, and 3,535 feet above sea level.

On the west are the Taconics, which give the name to the new age of geology, known as the "Taconic system," of Professor Emmons. The northern end so far as it relates to Williamstown, at the point where Hazen's line crosses the Taconics, was named by him Mount Belcher, commemorative of the then Governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who had commissioned him to make the survey.

There are four passes over the Taconics into the State of New York. The northern is called Petersburg Pass, 2,075 feet high; next to that is Berlin Pass, 2,192 feet high, which was a turnpike in the early part of the century; both are passable and afford fine drives and magnificent views. The third is Kidder Pass, which is fine for horseback riding, and the southernmost is the Johnson Pass, so named from David Johnson, who lived at its foot, and who also went up the Kennebec with Arnold.

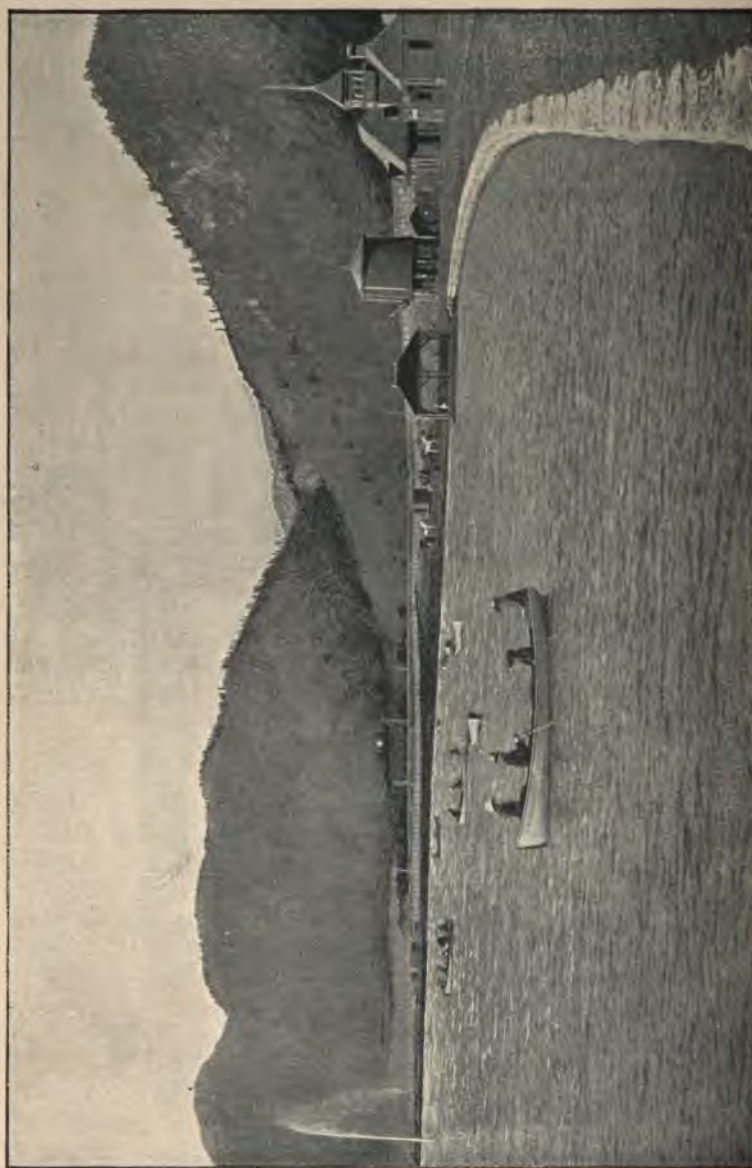
The village of Williamstown is a gem, — a college town with many buildings and college society houses, some of them of unique architecture. The college buildings are well worth a visit, and the chapel, with its ivy, is suggestive of many recollections dear to the alumni. The main street of Williamstown is sixteen rods wide and beautifully laid out, running over the hill and through the depression of the valley. The dwellings on each side suggest quiet and comfort.

Beyond, at a station called Vermont, the railroad passes into the State of that name and crosses its extreme southwestern corner, and then enters New York State. The meadows all along here are very fertile; the Hoosac River, a winding stream, is bordered by a fringe of trees among which are many elms, and at the bends in the river there are many pebbly beaches, while every few miles a dam supplies excellent water-power for thriving manufactures. At Hoosac Junction a branch diverges on the right to the northeast, over which through cars from New York proceed, *via* Troy, to Rutland and Montreal over the Bennington & Rutland Railroad. Bennington is also reached by this branch.

Continuing on our westward course, past Eagle Bridge and Johnsonville, we soon enter the Union Station at

### TROY.

This thriving city is situated six miles above Albany, at the head of tide-water, and is built on an alluvial plain at the foot of Mounts Ida and

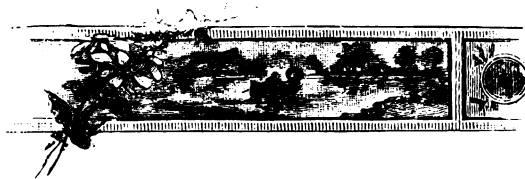


PALMER LAKE.



Olympus, a fine view of which can be had from the car windows just before entering the city from the east.

Troy has been successively known as Ferryhook, Rensselaerwyck, and Vanderheyden. It has a population of about sixty thousand, and is the seat of large iron-works. There are also manufactories of cotton and woollen goods and collars and cuffs. Perhaps the latter are the most widely-known products of Troy manufacture. The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the oldest institution of its kind in America, having a national reputation, is situated in this city.





PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLO.

## II.

“The  
D.H.”

AFTER a short stop at Troy we leave the Union Station by the tracks of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad. Passing the United States Arsenal and through West Troy, we come to the Hudson River. This beautiful stream, at this point rather shallow, is crossed on two iron bridges, 482 and 1,512 feet long respectively. From this side of the river, about three miles to the north, can be seen the Albany Rural Cemetery. This burial-ground is conceded to surpass in natural beauty any similar place in the country. It is scarcely less noted for the costly and artistic character of its monuments. Opened in 1844, there have been about thirty thousand interments up to January 1, 1886.

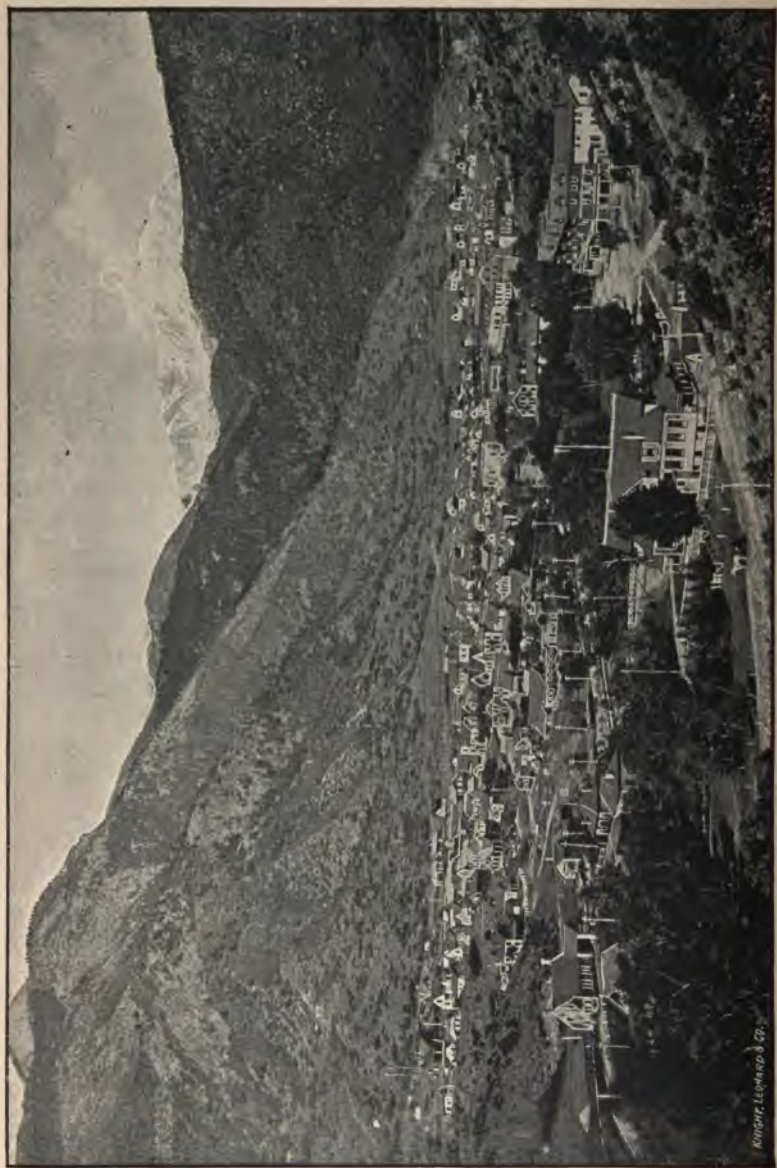
The grounds contain nearly three hundred acres, traversed by twenty-two miles of driveway. Palmer's celebrated statue of the “Angel at the Sepulchre,” exceeding in beauty, sentiment, and execution anything of its kind in any other cemetery, probably draws more sight-seeing strangers to the place than all other attractions combined. Just below here we pass Menands Station, where are situated the great steel works of the Troy Iron and Steel Company, which can be seen to the east. Presently we see the State Fair Grounds, and then pass through the extensive lumbering district, and in a few minutes we hail

## ALBANY,

the capital of New York State. This is “the oldest surviving European settlement in the thirteen original States.” From Phelps' admirable *Albany Hand-Book*, which every stranger to the city, and every resident too, for that matter, should possess, we glean the following bit of history:—

“Jamestown, Va., founded seven years earlier (in 1607), has long since ceased to be inhabited, and nothing but the ruins of a church-tower and a few tombstones are left to mark the spot, even a portion of the site having been washed away. Albany comes next. It was in September, 1609, that Henry Hudson, despatched from Holland by the Dutch East India Company to search for a northwest route to India and China, came sailing up the river which now bears his name, thinking surely that the long looked for ‘passage’ was found at last. But arriving in the vicinity of where Hudson now stands,





MANITOU.

the yacht 'Half Moon' (like many another craft in after years) found difficulty in proceeding, and the mate and four sailors came up stream in a small boat, which they moored, it is believed, at a spot now in Broadway. The site of the future city was covered with pine, maple, oak, and elm, and between its hills five brawling brooks ran laughing to the beautiful river. Subsequently they were known as the Normanskill, the Beaverville, the Rutenkill (which flowed down what is now Hudson Avenue), the Foxenkill (now Canal Street), and the Patroons Creek.

"Poor Hudson returned the way he came, went back to Holland, and subsequently, in the service of the London Company, discovered far to the north the bay which bears his name; and then, through a mutiny among his crew, was set adrift in a small boat, to die alone amid the ocean he had so fearlessly explored. In 1614, Henry Corstiaensen, under a grant of the United New Netherlands Company, erected a trading house twenty-six feet wide and thirty-six long on the island below the city, nearly opposite the residence known as 'Mount Hope.' This was surrounded by a stockade fifty feet square, and a moat eighteen feet wide. It was garrisoned by ten or twelve men, who had a cannon and twelve stone guns with which to defend themselves. Here they carried on an extensive fur trade with the Indians, until the spring freshet of 1617 nearly destroyed their domicile, when they moved 'up town,' and erected a new fort on the hill near the Normanskill, or First Kill, as it was then called, the other four being numbered in succession northward. In 1623 the West India Company erected a fort on a spot near what is now the steamboat landing, and called it Fort Orange, in honor of the prince who presided over the Netherlands. In the same year colonists were sent over, but in 1626 only eight families were resident here. In 1629 the Patroon system was transplanted to this country, and the following year more colonists arrived at Rensselaerwyck, a domain forty-eight miles broad, and which extended twenty-four miles on both sides of the river from Beeren Island to the Mohawk's mouth. In 1634 the village began to assume a name independent of the fort, and was called Beaverswyck or Beavers Fuyck, or the Fuyck, so named from the bend in the river. Subsequently it was known as Williamstadt, and became the centre of the fur trade in North America. In 1664 the province came into the hands of the English, who speedily changed the name of the settlement to Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. The town, from its very earliest settlement, was protected from the incursions of the French and Indians by palisades, a kind of fortification consisting of upright posts driven firmly into the ground. In 1695 the boundaries of the stockade were Hudson Street on the south, Steuben Street on the north, the river on the east, and Lodge Street on the west."

The town became the capital of the State in 1797. The public buildings are notable. Here is situated the greatest and grandest legislative building of



modern times. Towering majestically from the brow of the hill overlooking the Hudson, the first impression of the city and its granite crown, as seen by the observer approaching it, is a memory of some old medieval city that romance has at some time created in one's fancy. The new City Hall, designed by Richardson, is justly celebrated as the most perfect exterior, architecturally, on this continent. The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, a magnificent edifice in the pointed Gothic style, should be seen. It is internally one of the largest and most magnificent ecclesiastical edifices in America. Here high mass is sometimes performed with a splendor and completeness, orchestral and vocal, not to be excelled even in Paris or Vienna, and to which London can make no pretensions. St. Peter's Episcopal Church, in State Street, should be visited; its tower is one of the richest specimens of French Gothic in this country. St. Joseph's Catholic Church, on Ten Broeck Street, and the new Cathedral of All Saints, should not be missed by the tourist. The Dutch Reformed Church, on North Pearl Street, is a large two-towered structure, erected in 1799. There are many old buildings of interest, one on the southeast corner of State and North Pearl Streets, built in 1667, and the Pemberton House, corner of Columbia and North Pearl Streets, built in 1710. The Schuyler Mansion, built in 1760, is rich in historic reminiscences. Washington Park, of which Albany is justly proud, contains about one hundred acres, three miles of driveway and six miles of walks, and some of the finest elms in the land. The affairs of the "D. & H." Railroad system, of which this is the central point, are administered from here.

Leaving Albany station, we pass through the suburbs, and almost before we are aware of it a sudden transition from city to country has taken place. To our right is the large convent of the "Sacred Heart," at Kenwood. From here, too, we catch our last glimpse of the beautiful Hudson River across the broad meadows, its schooners, sloops, and steamers looking as if they were gliding along through the green fields, so low are the banks. Suddenly the train curves sharply to the south, then along the crest of a high embankment, over a bridge, and, rushing through a rock-cut, we pass the suburban station of Delmar. Three minutes more and we pass Slingerlands. Both of these are pretty suburban villages. We are now speeding down the valley of the Normanskill, that stream leaping down the rocks, a succession of pretty cascades.

A run of four miles brings us to New Scotland, the crossing of the Delaware & Hudson and West Shore Railroads. Another short run and we reach Altamont, a favorite suburban and summer resort, where many fine villas may be seen on the mountain side and at its base. From its elevated situation, pure air, and fine scenery, it has grown rapidly in importance, and promises to become the largest of Albany's suburban towns. We



merely have a chance to glance at this suburban village and breathe of its mountain air as we rush along, and the next place of note is Quaker Street, twenty-seven miles from Albany.

A branch of the Delaware & Hudson diverges here to the northeast, descends into the valley of the Mohawk, and, passing through Schenectady (fifteen miles from Quaker Street), joins the main line again at two northern termini; viz., Mechanicsville and Ballston Spa.

Our next stopping place is Cobleskill; but before reaching that village we pass through two or three points of much interest, of which we should not fail to make mention.

First is Esperance, a pretty village of about five hundred inhabitants, picturesquely located in the valley of the Schoharie, whose gleaming waters are visible for many miles up the beautiful valley. The town was first settled in 1711.

The next point of interest is Schoharie, the capital of Schoharie County, numbering about eighteen hundred inhabitants. It was settled by Palatinate Germans in 1711. A fort was constructed here in 1777. A stone church built in 1772 may still be seen, and many of its stones are carved with the names of its builders.

A few miles farther and we pass

### HOWE'S CAVE,

a station forty miles from Albany, and one hundred and two miles from Binghamton. This place is celebrated for having the most extensive and interesting caverns known, after the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The entrance to the cave is but a few rods from the station, and is reached by a short walk through the handsomely laid out grounds belonging to the Pavilion Hotel. It is an irregular circular opening in the limestone, through which, after going a few steps, one enters the "Reception Room," some forty feet wide and fifteen feet high, richly ornamented with stalactites. Near by, up an ascending path, we come to the "Bridal Chamber," from the wall of which depends a large stalactite known as "Washington's Epaulet"; the room is vaulted with a circular dome of great height. Leaving this chamber, a gallery is shortly reached, which is seventy-five feet high, in the "Giant's Chapel." Leaving this, the main path traverses a spacious hall from fifteen to twenty feet high. Next is the "Straight and Narrow Way," some three or four feet wide at the bottom, while, at the height of a man's head, it is so narrow that there is just room to pass through. All noises of the outside world have long since been left behind, but now a mysterious rumbling sound is heard from the depths beyond—the "Pool of Siloam," a cavity below, into which a stream flowing alongside the path beyond loses



CENTRE OF PIKE'S PEAK.



itself in the depths of the earth. Stalagmites and stalactites are everywhere seen, assuming all kinds of fantastic shapes. The "Giant's Spectacles," the "Quarter of Beef," the "Tower of Babel," the "Elephant's Head," and the "Indian Dugout," and other unnamed formations are passed, when the "Haunted Chamber" is reached. A low note produced here echoes and re-echoes mysteriously through the silent chamber, completely filling the cavern with a weird vibration, unearthly and indescribable. Near by is the "Music Room," where musical tones appear to be never done echoing, but go dancing gaily about, returning again and again, filling the air with harmony. A noise, as of a cataract, is heard ahead, which increases to a solemn roar as we advance. Reaching its source, it is found to proceed from the echoes of a small waterfall some four or five feet high, and perhaps a foot wide, at the outlet of a little lake.

Up to this point, more than a mile from the entrance, the cave is lighted with gas. A boat is taken here, in which we are rowed across the lake, sailing under a sandstone arch, the sides of which are ornamented with nature's carvings—the "Egyptian Pyramids," the "Owl," "Elephant's Ear," "Sheep's Head," "Lady of the Lake," "Washington's Monument," the "Circus Rider," "Church Organ," "Pulpit," etc., although in the naming of some of these objects considerable latitude in making comparisons has been exercised. The lake, which is a quarter of a mile in length, is passed. As we proceed onward several stalagmites and stalactites of great size and of increasingly interesting forms are seen. The "Yosemite Valley" is a deep cañon, along the edge of which we creep, fifty feet above the rushing stream below. Here is "Pike's Peak," a pure stalagmite forty feet high, and another, the "Leaning Tower." The "Bottomless Pit," a fearful place, is passed, and next we come to a spot where the roof seems to have been crushed in. Overhead, for a considerable distance, are masses of rock, some of them weighing twenty or thirty tons, which seem to have been dropped and caught between the walls. We pass underneath these and through the "Valley of Jehosaphat," and soon after the course, which seems to have been nearly straight thus far, is suddenly blocked by a solid wall.

From this point another passage leads to the left, forming nearly a right angle with that we have just left. This passage has never been explored to its full extent, although it is said a party once spent eighteen hours in it, traveling the entire time, without reaching the end. Taking another passage which opens to the right, the "Winding Way" is reached. This passage is only wide enough for one person to pass through at a time, and is so devious in its windings that another person three feet ahead can hardly be seen in any portion. This passage is eighty rods long, and its walls are almost as smooth as glass. At the end of this is the "Devil's Gateway," after passing through which we enter the "Silent Chamber." We are now three miles in



the interior of the earth, the sounds of rippling water were long since left behind, and as the lights are extinguished, and, at the guide's bidding, we remain quiet for five minutes, the darkness and silence, absolute and profound, are painfully oppressive. Torches are relighted for the journey through "Fat Man's Misery," a passage leading to the "Rotunda," three and one-half miles from the entrance, the greatest wonder of all, and a fit ending to the mysterious journey. This is a circular room twenty-five feet in diameter, and so high that a rocket, warranted to burst at three hundred feet, just shows the apex of the gothic-arched ceiling. The Pavilion Hotel in the cave grounds is a summer resort constructed to accommodate a large number of guests, and supplied with every appliance of elegance and comfort. Near the station are extensive lime and cement works.

We now reach

### COBLESKILL,

forty-five miles from Albany, and the largest and most important village on this section of the line. It lies in the Schoharie Valley, rich in historic and romantic tradition, nine hundred feet above tide. A branch of the "D. & H." runs from here to Hyndsville, Seward, Sharon Springs, and Cherry Valley. From the summits of the high hills surrounding Cobleskill, over many of which there are pleasant drives, views of great extent and beauty are obtained. The peculiar topography of the country, with its intersecting river valleys, diversified by high elevations, some of them cultivated to their very summits; others, of rugged, precipitous aspect, springing from the midst of lands under the highest state of cultivation, — lend a charm to this locality that will well repay the tourist for viewing. The population is largely augmented in summer by strangers to whom the attractions of the region are known. Its hotels are good, and are conducted with a view to meeting the wants of this class of patrons. There are mineral springs near the village, the waters of which are attracting considerable attention for their remedial virtues. In 1778 the Mohawk chieftain Brant, with a force of four hundred Tories and Indians, encountered and defeated, after a desperate battle, the Cobleskill militia, whom the enemy outnumbered nearly four to one. Sixty of Brant's force were killed by the handful of militia, which left twenty-two of its own dead on the field, and lost two made prisoners.

After a few minutes' stop here we again speed along, and after a five-mile run we pass the village of Richmondville, an important town occupying a situation of remarkable attractiveness as seen from the train.

The railroad is constructed high up on the side of the hill, and the impression from the car window is that the train overhangs the village, whose spires and roofs are seen far below in the narrow valley. The next few miles present a series of attractive pictures of hill and vale and winding

river that will long be remembered by the observer. Passing the stations of East Worcester, Worcester, Schenevus, Maryland, and Colliers, our next stop is

### ONEONTA,

the largest town between Albany and Binghamton. Extensive shops of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad are located here, giving employment to about one thousand men. The manufacturing interests of Oneonta are of no little importance, and it is the central mart of the hop trade. In the culture of this product Otsego and Schoharie Counties take high rank, if not the first, among hop-growing districts.

Twenty-six miles from Oneonta we stop at Bainbridge, having passed a few stations of minor note. Bainbridge is an important town in a highly cultivated and fertile valley. Speeding along through the villages of Afton and Nineveh, we now pass through a tunnel half a mile long, and swinging around in a southerly direction, along the sides of high hills, we get a striking view of the Chenango Valley below, its serpentine river winding about among the hills, whose sides and crests are reflected here and there in its mirror-like pool. Leaving this attractive scene in the distance we enter the city of

### BINGHAMTON,

with about twenty thousand inhabitants, picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Chenango and Susquehanna Rivers, which has risen to importance as a railroad and manufacturing centre. It is celebrated for its handsome streets and architecture, and is sometimes known as the "Parlor City," from its well-kept and tidy aspect. The Court House is a large building surmounted by a dome, and fronted by a classic portico supported by Ionic columns. It is eligibly situated on Court Street, amid open grounds, beyond which the hills are seen. The imposing building in the Tudor castellated style of architecture, with many towers, on the hill northeast of the city, is the State Asylum for Chronic Insane. The grounds connected with the institution are four hundred acres in extent. The spacious station here is occupied jointly by the "D. & H." and New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroads.



ROYAL GORGE.



## III



WE leave Binghamton by the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad, and our course is along the bank of the Susquehanna River. This is a beautiful stream, in most places so shallow that we can readily see the pebbled and rocky bottom. In no place is it navigable, from its source to its mouth at Port Deposit, Maryland, where it enters the Chesapeake Bay. The eastern and western branches of this river — the former of which has its source in Otsego Lake, and the latter in Cambria County, Pa. — furnish much water-power for manufacturing purposes. Still following the river we soon arrive at Owego. This is a very pretty village, and is located in the centre of a fine agricultural section. It is very nicely laid out, and its streets are planted with rows of maple trees. Owego proves an attraction for tourists in summer, and the hotels and boarding-houses are thronged with pleasure seekers, in all making the place quite a summer resort.

After leaving Owego we follow the river for a time, then bear away to the west, presently reaching Waverly, a bright little settlement of about three thousand inhabitants. A short stop here and we again continue a westward course, and soon find ourselves on the bank of a river. This time it is the Chemung River, flowing southeast and joining the Susquehanna at or near Athens, Pa. Following this stream we next find ourselves in Elmira, a lively city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. Here we see the old Chemung Canal, which extends from Elmira to Lake Seneca and is there joined with the Junction Canal, which in times past did good service connecting Elmira with the interior of Pennsylvania. In Elmira are situated the large building and repair shops of the Erie Railroad, and factories, principally iron and shoe, tend to make the city a great manufacturing centre, and the trade with the surrounding country is very extensive. The city was incorporated in 1865, and during the civil war was a great recruiting rendezvous; immense barracks were erected which have since been torn away. Here was also a military prison, where many Confederate prisoners were confined.

Leaving Elmira we lose sight of the river for a time, but soon again cross it and enter the town of Corning, seventeen miles west of Elmira. Our next stop is Addison, the junction of the Erie and Addison & Pennsylvania

Railroads. The scenery at this point, and in fact all along the Chemung River, which we left a few miles back, is all that could be desired. Hills, which might be well mistaken for mountains, and which are really the northern extremity of the Allegheny Range, hem us in on either side. Just in the rear of Hornellsville, our next stop, and the junction of the main line and Rochester Division of the Erie Railroad, is the highest hill we have recently passed. It is said that, especially after a severe winter, snow may be found on this hill in the hottest days of summer. Beyond Hornellsville we soon reach the Allegheny River, and follow it until we arrive at Olean.

This is an oil and lumbering town, and is situated on the Genesee Valley Canal. From here we follow the Allegheny River through Carrollton, a small oil town, to Salamanca. All along either side of the track we now see large oil tanks, the property of the United Pipe Line Company, and which bear evidence of the large oil business carried on in this section. Next we pass through Randolph, where the Chamberlin Institute is situated, and soon arrive at Jamestown, at the junction of the Erie Railroad and its Buffalo branch, and at the outlet of Lake Chautauqua. The city of Jamestown is a busy one, and especially so in summer, on account of its close proximity to Lake Chautauqua. Steamers ply between here and Lakewood and Mayville, and a line of electric cars connect Jamestown with the former. Here is also the terminus of the Chautauqua Lake Railroad, a line which runs to all the summer resorts along the lake.

Five miles beyond Jamestown is Lakewood, probably the best patronized and most attractive of all the lake resorts. The place contains several large and elegant hotels, the principal one, the Sterlingworth Inn, situated directly on the lake front, with large lawns and drives, is a most desirable place for a summer's vacation. In fact, at any season of the year it is pleasant here at the Sterlingworth. The hotel in itself is a palace, and is open the entire year. The lake provides good boating, bathing, and fishing in summer and skating in winter. A daily line of boats runs from Lakewood to the head of the lake, and pleasure yachts can be seen constantly. Leaving this station we skirt the edge of the lake for some distance, and its calm surface is a pleasant picture to look upon. Our path now lies through a very fertile and pleasant country, and just before reaching Corry we cross the line from New York State to that of Pennsylvania. At Corry we see a large oil refinery, and being near the heart of the oil-field of Pennsylvania this is quite a so-called "oil town." The town has grown up since 1860, and has seen many an exciting time, when the "oil fever" was at its height. This is also somewhat of a railroad centre, being the junction of the Erie, Philadelphia & Erie, and Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroads.

At Meadville, our next station, we stop for lunch. This is the seat of learning for this section, having eighteen graded schools, one high-school,

and two colleges, — the Allegheny College (Methodist Episcopal) and Meadville Theological Seminary. The city is situated on Franklin Creek.

Greenville, located at the head of the Shenango Valley, is our next stop, and is surrounded by a rich and fertile farming country. It is also on the Shenango River, part of the town being on one side of the river and part on the other. The river furnishes abundant water-power for the manufacturing interests of the place. Three railroads, running into as many different stations, pass through Greenville, the Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie connecting the town with the coal and oil fields of Western Pennsylvania.

After passing through Sharon, a small town near the State line, we enter the "Buckeye State" — Ohio. Soon after entering the State we reach the smoky city of Youngstown, situated on the Mahoning River, sixty-five miles northwest of Pittsburg, Pa. Here we see the iron foundry with its din and smoke, and before entering the city we saw many carloads of coal. These two products are the principal exports of this busy centre. This is where our passengers from Pittsburg and points south and north join us, and we are soon again on our way, past Leavittsburg, where the Cleveland branch diverges from the main line, past Ravenna, a bright and prosperous village, into Kent, a pretty little city located on the bank of the Cuyahoga River. Manufacturing cotton, flour, and flint glass are among the industries of the city, which in times past has been particularly noted for its manufacture of the latter. White sandstone abounds in this section, and from this a superior grade of flint glass was made. History gives it that it was in this locality Captain Samuel Brady made his famous leap across the Cuyahoga River when pursued by the Indians.

Crossing over the river we run in a southwesterly course and enter the city of Akron, a flourishing and progressive place, and the capital of the county in which it is situated. Since leaving Youngstown we have been continually climbing until we are now on the highest point of land between Lake Erie and the Ohio River. The Ohio Canal passes through the city, in addition to which are six railroads which combined make Akron a city of no little importance. Woollen, paper, flouring, rolling, and planing mills, as well as machine shops, cutlery manufactories, and oil refineries, give employment to its inhabitants. Buchtel College is here, and the city has all the adjuncts of an enterprising and prosperous inland city. The population is nearly thirty thousand.

Mansfield, a city of good size, is passed, and we are next at Marion, the junction of the Cincinnati and Chicago Divisions of the Erie Railroad. From here we pursue a northwest course through Lima, Spencerville, and Ohio City, just beyond the latter passing into the State of Indiana. Huntington is soon reached, a city built on both banks of the Little River. The country here is very level and not at all thickly settled, a farmhouse now



and then looming up to view as we pass along. Stock raising and dairying are the principal occupations of the farmers in this section, and they find market for their products in Chicago. Passing through North Judson and Hammond we enter the suburbs of Chicago, through which we run, and soon reach the Dearborn Street Station.

"Chicago! Chicago!! All change!" is the announcement made by the porter, and, leaving our hand baggage in the care of Judson & Co.'s Chicago representative, we follow our manager in a body through the station, and at the entrance find transfer coaches in waiting to receive the party. These we enter, and a short ride through the busy streets of Chicago brings us to the Union Station, from which station we are to depart some hours later. It is probable that, at this time, most of our passengers will desire to see the World's Fair buildings, so we will try and locate them for you, and help you better to understand the immensity of them.



The wilderness which Columbus discovered on the twelfth of October, 1492, is now the greatest country in the world, brilliant in invention, marvelous in growth, and unparalleled in prosperity. It is the four-hundredth anniversary of this discovery that the Columbian Exposition at Chicago is designed to commemorate. The Exposition will formally open May 1st, 1893, and close October 30th following. Chicago, where the Exposition is to be held, is the typical American city. Half a century ago it was a swamp. Now it is second to New York in population and first in phenomenal growth, gigantic proportions, and magnificent self-reliance. The area of the city of Chicago is 180.5 square miles, divided by the Chicago River and its branches into three sections, known as the North, South, and West Divisions. These are connected by fifty-three swing bridges and three tunnels. The Park and Boulevard system of Chicago, occupying three thousand two hundred and

ninety acres, is the most extensive of any city in the world, and when completed it will intersect and surround the city on all four sides, forming a series of drives nearly one hundred miles in extent.

The site selected for the Exposition is that portion of the South Park System of Chicago known as Jackson Park and Midway Plaisance. This location is within easy distance of the centre of the business portion of Chicago, and is accessible by means of superior transportation facilities. Jackson Park has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and one-half miles, and contains nearly five hundred and fifty-three acres of ground. The Midway Plaisance, which forms the connecting link between Jackson and Washington Parks, is one mile long and six hundred feet wide, making an additional area of about eighty acres. The dimensions of the important buildings are shown in the following table: —

<i>Buildings.</i>	<i>Dimensions in feet.</i>	<i>Buildings.</i>	<i>Dimensions in feet.</i>
Manufactures and Liberal Arts . . .	787 x 1687	Machinery Machine Shop . . . . .	106 x 250
Administration . . . . .	262 x 262	Agriculture . . . . .	500 x 800
Mines . . . . .	350 x 700	Agriculture Annex . . . . .	300 x 550
Electricity . . . . .	345 x 690	Agriculture Assembly Hall, etc. . .	125 x 450
Transportation . . . . .	256 x 960	Forestry . . . . .	208 x 528
Transportation Annex . . . . .	425 x 900	Sawmill . . . . .	125 x 300
Woman's . . . . .	199 x 388	Dairy . . . . .	100 x 200
Art Galleries . . . . .	320 x 500	Live Stock (2) . . . . .	65 x 200
Art Gallery Annexes (2) . . . . .	120 x 200	Live Stock Pavilion . . . . .	280 x 440
Fisheries . . . . .	165 x 365	Live Stock Sheds . . . . .	
Fisheries Annexes (2) . . . . .	135 diam.	Casino . . . . .	120 x 250
Horticulture . . . . .	250 x 998	Music Hall . . . . .	120 x 250
Horticulture Greenhouses (8) . . .	24 x 100	United States Government . . . .	345 x 415
Machinery . . . . .	492 x 846	United States Government Imitation Battleship . . . . .	69.25 x 348
Machinery Annex . . . . .	490 x 550	Illinois State . . . . .	160 x 450
Machinery Power House . . . . .	490 x 461		
Machinery Pumping Works . . . . .	77 x 84		

THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS, not including those of the Government and State of Illinois, have also a total gallery area of 45.9 acres, thus making their total floor space 199.7 acres. The Fine Arts Building has 7,885 lineal feet, or 145,852 square feet of wall space. The total cost of the Exposition buildings will exceed \$8,000,000. There will also be numerous annexes and supplementary structures. To supply the Exposition buildings and grounds with water, two pumping plants are being put in, one with a capacity of 24,000,000 gallons per day and the other of 40,000,000 gallons. Thus, 64,000,000 gallons per day will be available. The pumping works and all the great machinery furnishing power to the Exposition will be open to the inspection of visitors. The preparations for police and fire patrolmen are elaborate and comprehensive. Hospitals will be located at several points on the grounds. In case of sickness or accident the ambulance corps

will be called to convey the sick or injured to the nearest hospital, where everything necessary for their immediate comfort and relief will be provided. This service is intended for emergencies requiring immediate attention.

THE EXHIBITS. — Director-General Davis confidently announces that the exhibits at the Exposition will cover a wider range and be far more numerous than were ever before gathered together. The whole world is interested, and all the nations of the earth will participate with the grandest and most creditable characteristic exhibits of their arts, sciences, natural resources, customs, conditions, and progress of their people. From far-away India, Burmah, Siam, China, Japan, Persia, Islands of the Pacific, Australia, Tasmania, Egypt, Turkey, and the strange lands of mysterious and almost unknown Africa, will come attractions of an interesting character. All the European nations display great interest in the Exposition, and all give assurances of their unqualified support and co-operation. Their finest collections of art will be gathered here, and each country promises to display in the most complete manner its varied resources. All of the countries of South and Central America with Mexico are making the most elaborate preparation for an extensive exhibition of their splendid resources and products. Millions of money will be expended by these foreign countries, and the beauty of the Exposition will be enhanced thereby to a greater degree. The contemplated plans of many of these countries indicate an intention to construct buildings of the finest character in which to make their exhibits. The style of architecture will be characteristic of the country represented. It will thus be seen that in addition to the beautiful buildings erected by the Exposition there will also be a grand display of architecture from every part of the world, making the variety of design so extensive as to be bewildering in its outlines. A notable feature of the Exposition is the prominence of women in its management.





## IV.



RETURNING to the Union Depot after having viewed the World's Fair buildings and other points of interest, we are met by the Judson Excursion manager, with whom we have now become well acquainted. He, with the assistance of the Judson Chicago agent and the porter, show us to our respective locations in the tourist car.

We are now ready for a new start, and presently the train moves away from the station, our route to Kansas City being *via* the Chicago & Alton Railroad, the famous "Short Line." We pass through the western part of the city, and out on the vast prairie of Illinois, with its thousands of farms and country homes.

In about an hour we pass through Lockport, noted for its great quarries of sandstone. Here we see, in the rough, that which we so much admired but a few hours ago in the immense structures in Chicago. True, what we see but little resembles the beautifully cut and carved stone in Chicago buildings, and yet here is where most of the building material comes from. The whole country in this vicinity, seemingly, is one great bed of stone, placed horizontally in layers varying in thickness from three inches to as many feet. The seams are so distinct that the slabs can be pried up in almost any size desired. Much of this stone shipping to Chicago is done by the Illinois Canal, which runs from Chicago to Peru through this town. Most of the quarries are owned and operated by the Western Stone Company, whose steam canal-boats may be seen from the car windows as they slowly plough their way along, having in tow two or three heavy-laden boats.

The next point of interest is Joliet, with its large iron and steel works, electric railways, and general air of bustle. Here is situated the Illinois State Prison and Penitentiary. The latter is an imposing stone structure, with the usual high walls and guard-towers at every angle. Hundreds of convicts are imprisoned within these walls, and the principal industry of the institution is quarrying and cutting stone. The iron and steel works give employment to thousands of men, and reminds one very forcibly that Joliet is the Pittsburgh of the West.

After a short stop here we are again on our way, and the next station of importance is Dwight. This place is most noted for its Keely Hospital for drunkards, which now has about eight hundred patients, and boasts of some

of the most marvellous cures of the drink habit in the history of the world. The town also contains a magnificent public library and a hotel, both built by Mr. Keely.

Leaving Dwight, we pass through the finest farm section of Illinois, corn being the principal product. Our next stop is Normal, the centre of the stock-raising farms of Illinois. It is said the finest horses and cattle in the United States are raised in the vicinity of Normal.

Again moving on our way, we soon reach Bloomington, where all trains stop for refreshments. This is a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is a great business centre. In this city are located the immense

pair shops of the Railroad. We coal fields of the the mines in and ington are thou-coal taken daily, which is ship-Refreshments again on our bedtime reach town of several itants, and the St. Louis and Kansas City lines of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. After a few minutes' stop we roll on, and soon cross the Illinois River, at this point a very large stream. Later we cross the Mississippi River, the great "Father of Waters," and the dividing line between the East and the West. Very few of our party have retired, most of them having waited to see this great river. There is a grandeur which is quite indescribable in this body of water as it flows smoothly and silently along in the moonlight. The bridge which here spans the river, and upon which we cross, is an iron structure over a mile in length, and supported by three granite piers, with a draw in the left centre pier.

We are now "beyond the Mississippi," and enter the State of Missouri, so well known as the "Bushwhacker State," the "Mongrel State," etc. During the small hours of the night we cross the Missouri River, known as the "Big Muddy," at Glasgow, and after passing through the towns of Marshall and Independence we arrive at Kansas City for breakfast.

Kansas City is built on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River, and is a city of one hundred and thirty-two thousand inhabitants, and is the greatest railroad centre in the United States. There are extensive manufacturing establishments, meat-canning and packing houses, and large stock-yards



pair shops of the Railroad. We coal fields of the the mines in and ington are thou-coal taken daily, which is ship-Refreshments again on our bedtime reach town of several itants, and the St. Louis and

here. The principal business part of the city lies up on the bluff, which, from the Union Depot and river front, is reached by means of several lines of cable railroad, the cars being drawn up a very steep grade.

After a stop of about two and one-half hours, during which time we have taken a trip around the city by cable cars, some of our party having visited particular points of interest, we return to the station and to our cars, again ready for a new start, this time through the Western States toward the Rockies.





# The Canyon of the Grand

I'm going to paint a picture with a pencil of my own;

I shall have no hand to help me, I shall paint it all alone;

Oft I fancy it before me and my hopeful heart grows fain!

As I contemplate the grandeur of the picture I would paint.

When I rhyme about the river, the laughing limpid stream,

Whose ripples seem to shiver as they glide and glow and gleam,

Of the waves that beat the boulders that are strewn upon the strand

You will recognize the river in the Canyon of the Grand.

When I write about the mountains with their heads so high and hoar,

Of the cliffs and craggy canyons where the waters rush and roar,

When I speak about the walls that rise so high on either hand,

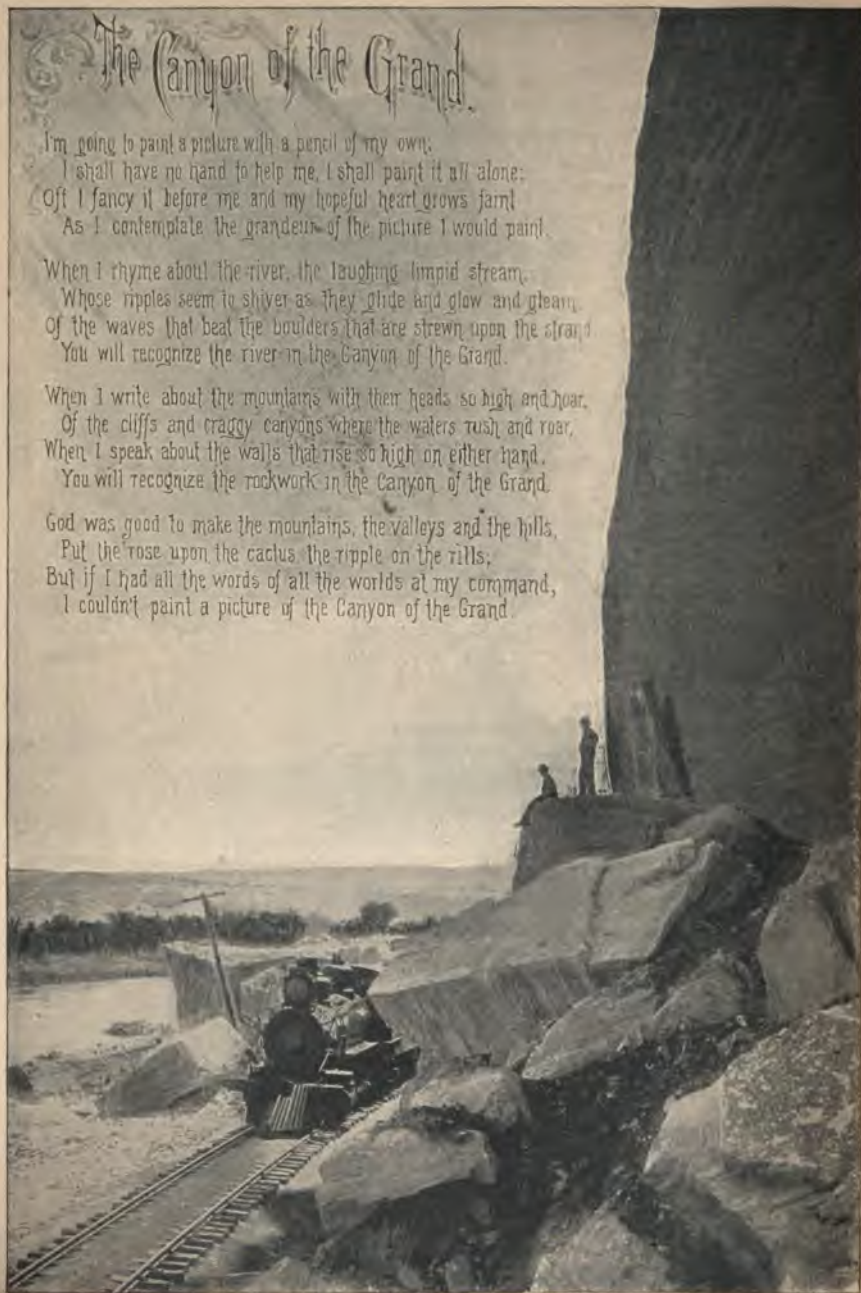
You will recognize the rockwork in the Canyon of the Grand.

God was good to make the mountains, the valleys and the hills,

Put the rose upon the cactus, the ripple on the rills;

But if I had all the words of all the worlds at my command,

I couldn't paint a picture of the Canyon of the Grand.



## V.



WE leave Kansas City by the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Passing out of the Union Station, we look back upon this wonderful city, the best type, perhaps, of the Western commercial centres which spring into existence in an incredibly short time, and build permanent and enduring institutions which in slower communities require generations to establish.

We now begin our trip to the West. This remark may not appear logical, but any Kansas City man will confirm the assertion that his town is the place where we *start* for the West. He believes that Kansas City stands on the dividing line between the sections; and all who live beyond him are Westerners, and all who live in the opposite direction are Eastern people.

At first our course is nearly south, but at Martin City we cross the line and enter into the great prairie State of Kansas, the land of maize and cattle, of wheat and barley. There are no mountains in Kansas worthy of name; the entire State is an undulating plain, two hundred and ten miles in width, and four hundred miles from east to west.

There is a gentle slope from the west to the east, averaging about seven feet to the mile, and we are therefore gradually climbing the hill as we roll westward.

The elevation above the sea at the eastern boundary is seven hundred and fifty feet; when we reach Stuart, on the western boundary, we will be three thousand five hundred feet higher up, and our respiratory organs will begin to feel the effect of the rarified air.

At noon we reach Osawatomie, the home of John Brown,—“Osawatomie Brown,” as the army officers called him later on, when the old man was captured at Harper’s Ferry. This Kansas village occupies no insignificant place on history’s page. It was here that the anti-slavery element centred in the early days, when “Bleeding Kansas” or “Border Ruffians” were the standing head-lines in the newspapers all over the country. Memories of the sacking of Lawrence are recalled with the thoughts of Jim Lane, or the Pro-slavery party.

Just before reaching the town we cross the battle-field where Brown met the Pro-slavery men in conflict. We see the old homestead where stood the corral in which he kept his horses; and the conical hill, the highest in all





that region, where he stationed his look-outs, signalling by waving flags in daytime, and by fire at night, the approach of the enemy. Yonder is the hill where he planted his artillery and bombarded the town of Paola.

Osawatomie is a pretty town now, of three thousand people, and its inhabitants find occupation in gentler labors than occupied those rugged partisans who founded it in the late "50's." A monument to the anti-slavery leader stands about two blocks from the station.

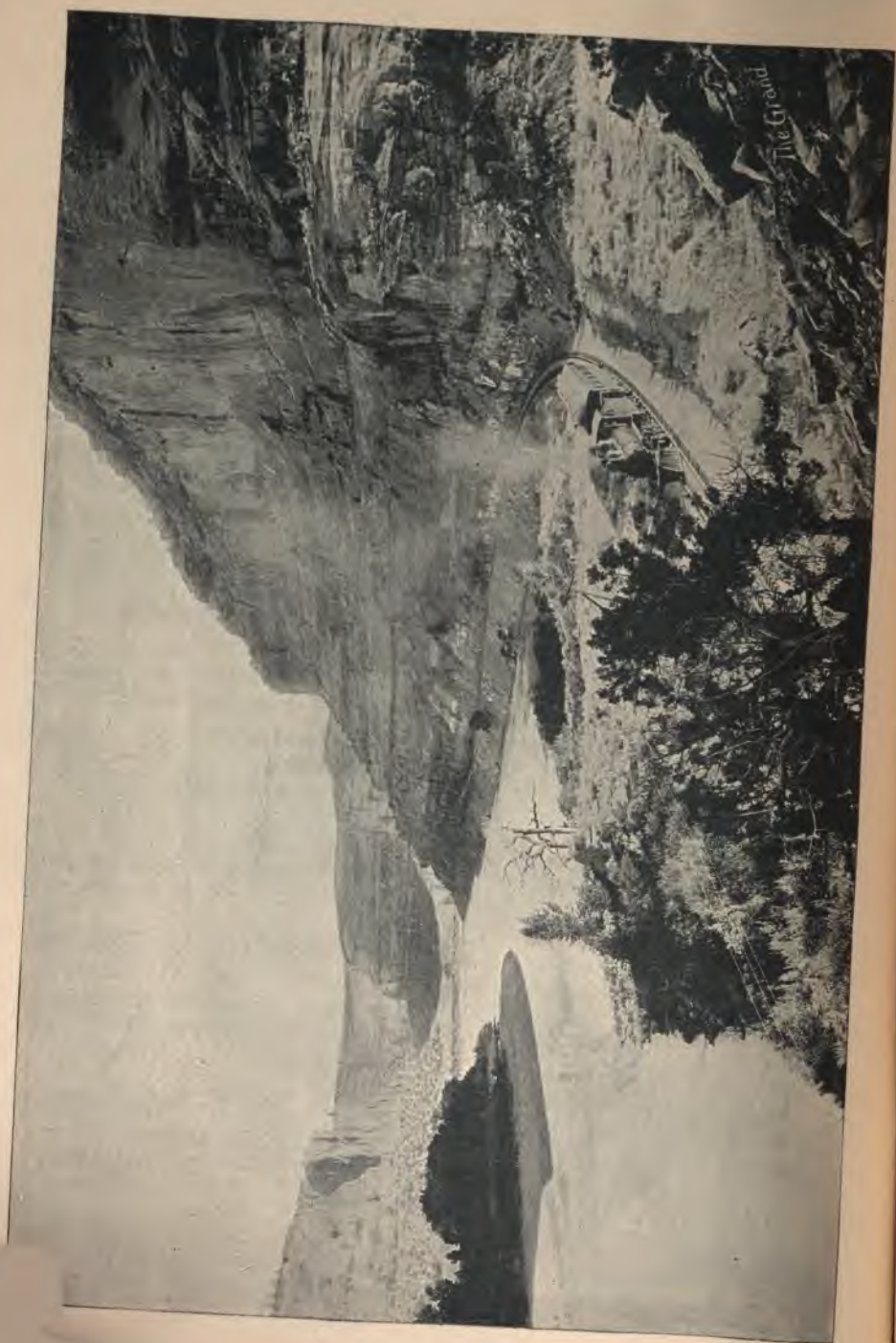
A rolling prairie-land, dotted with farmhouses, opens before us as we leave Osawatomie, and continues until we reach Salina, a city of seven thousand people. Gypsum mining is the prevailing industry here, and the hills about are filled with that mineral, which is used in the manufacture of stucco. At the present time the mines and factories are in full blast preparing stucco for the World's Fair buildings at Chicago.

Farther on we reach Hoisington. We change engines here, and also pass from Central to Mountain time. Turn your watches back one hour now, for we have gained that much in pursuing the sun westward, so that we apparently leave Hoisington fifty minutes before we arrive. The Spanish peaks loom up shortly to the southwest, and we begin to approach the backbone of the continent, the famous Rocky Mountains.

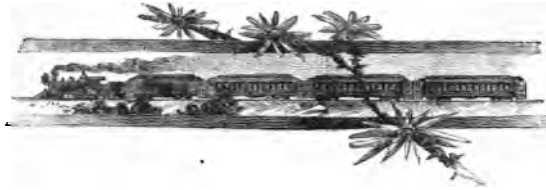
Crossing the eastern portion of Colorado, we roll into Pueblo, and find ourselves in a city of furnaces or smelters, and realize that we have left the agricultural country behind us, and are entering upon the land where men delve in mines for mineral wealth. Here the passengers for Denver and Northern Colorado points leave those who are *en route* to the coast, and proceed northward over the Denver & Rio Grande to their destination.

A fascinating view of Pike's Peak looms out against the sky after leaving Pueblo for Denver. This monument of nature's greatness rears its hoary head fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-seven feet above the sea level, and is a celebrated landmark mentioned by the earliest travellers who forced their way through the Western wilds before the advent of railroads.

Our party has now been divided, and after waving a farewell to the car for Denver and the north, those *en route* to California, having a short stop, proceed to take in some of the points of interest in the city of Pueblo, or the far west Pittsburg. The city is situated on the Arkansas River, and has a population of about twenty-five thousand. Its growth has been very rapid, but, as one can easily see, it has been a permanent growth, for firm business blocks or comfortable dwellings of brick and stone line its streets. The smelting of gold, silver, and lead ores forms the principal occupation of its inhabitants, and the value of the ores annually treated runs into the millions of dollars. The city is well lighted with electricity, and has electric street-car lines.



Perhaps the most interesting thing to be seen in Pueblo, outside of the mills and smelters, is the Mineral Palace, a beautiful structure of brick and sandstone, elaborately furnished throughout at a cost of about \$2,000,000, where a permanent exhibition of the metals, minerals, ores, and woods of Colorado may be seen.







CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

## VI.



OUR stop in Pueblo comes to a close only too soon, and we continue our way westward by the world-renowned Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, widely known as the "Scenic Line of the World."

We follow the Arkansas River up among the hills and around the cliffs, while on all sides of us is scenery which is unsurpassed by any in the world, — peaks in all their grandeur and majesty rising in front of us and stretching away to the north and south.

Pike's Peak may be seen on our right, with its summit reaching above the clouds, while on the left can be seen the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton Peaks, about fifty miles distant. Passing through Florence, the great oil country of Colorado, where we see scores of wells in operation, and on up through the mountains, we arrive at Cañon City. Here, from the right of our car, we can see the State Prison. The convicts are employed quarrying and burning limestone, which is abundant in this section.

Leaving Cañon City, we enter the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, better known as the Royal Gorge, at the entrance of which stands a point of rocks, about fifteen hundred feet high, known as Freemont's Point. This name is derived from the fact that it was from the summit of this point that the American flag was first planted on the Rocky Mountains by General John C. Freemont, the "Pathfinder," on his first expedition across the continent.

We are now in the world-renowned Royal Gorge, which for years writers have tried in vain to describe and painters to portray its stupendous grandeur. Language fails us, and our powers of description seem suddenly to become void, as we roll through this gigantic chasm. It seems as if nature, in one awful convulsion, had torn the mountains asunder from summit to base, and left open the wound as an everlasting memorial of her greatness. In entering the cañon, we wind around first to the right and then to the left, and at places the whole width is not more than fifty feet, while the walls of rock tower above us to the height of two thousand six hundred feet. These walls are slashed here and there with great fissures, extending back into the mountains until lost to view, while the sides of the rocks are of all colors and tints imaginable. The different colors are caused, in some cases, by the different varieties of rock, and in other cases by the mosses and discolorations of time, until the whole looks, as one of the lady passengers



Green River Butte



Butte Cliffs  
Near Green River



AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

Green River Hotel



remarked, "as though some painter had emptied all his pots of paints over the face of the rocks." The scene is truly grand, and must be seen to be appreciated, for no man can describe it.

Down through this chasm the Arkansas River rolls and tumbles until it lashes itself into a foam of snowy whiteness. Near the upper end of the gorge is the famous "Suspended Bridge," built by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company across the river. At this point the gorge is too narrow to admit of piers for the support of the bridge, and at the same time leave room for a water-way, therefore the bridge is suspended from the rocks by means of iron girders, making the whole structure perfectly solid.

Leaving the Royal Gorge we enter the valley of the Arkansas, through which we run the rest of the afternoon. The scenery on all sides of us is grand. Away to the south may be seen the Sangre de Cristo range of mountains towering above the others, with its summit covered with snow, summer and winter. The name Sangre de Cristo is taken from the Spanish, and means "The Blood of Christ." In the distance we can also see Mount Ouray, the summit of which is one thousand four hundred feet above sea level. We now arrive at Salida, the "Gem of the Mountains," a very pretty little city of three thousand inhabitants, entirely surrounded by mountains. After a short stop to change engines and trainmen we are under way again. Now begins the great mountain climb, through gorges and valleys winding around here and there, still following the Arkansas River. After a run of one hour and a half we reach Buena Vista, where we stop to replenish the engine with water, and then again proceed with rocks and mountains all around us. At every turn we see new and wonderful sights, the scenery all along this line having the same great fascination, and one is impressed with the idea that this range is rightfully named the "Rocky Mountains."

We are now entering the gold and silver mining region of Colorado. Every few miles we see large charcoal kilns built of brick, and in which wood is being burned to charcoal to be used in the smelters for reducing the ores. In among the hills now surrounding us are many famous mines, where are mined ores bearing gold, silver, copper, and lead. Our next stop of note is Leadville, a mining town of ten thousand inhabitants. There are a great many mines in and around this town, some of which, "The Maid of Erin," "Little Pittsburg," and others, have yielded millions of dollars to their owners.

Leadville is situated nearly on the summit of the mountains, having an elevation of ten thousand two hundred feet, and is the highest city in the world. Nine miles beyond Leadville we reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the Continental Divide. Here are the sources of the Arkansas River on the east slope, and the Eagle River on the west. We cross the divide through the Tennessee Tunnel, thereby saving about ten miles we would have to travel if we went around and over the pass. The tunnel is



Castle Gate

about three thousand feet long, and the elevation is ten thousand four hundred and sixty-three feet. The little stream of water flowing along the gutter in this tunnel and emerging from the east end runs into the Atlantic Ocean, while that flowing from the west end runs into the Pacific. That from the east end joins the headwaters of the Arkansas River and eventually reaches the Gulf of Mexico, and that from the west end joins the headwaters of the Eagle River, and through the Grand, Green, and Colorado Rivers reaches the Gulf of California; thus the name Continental Divide.

After emerging from the tunnel our course is down the western slope of the mountains, through the Eagle and Grand River Cañons. In the Eagle River Cañon is scenery unsurpassed by any we have yet seen. Great masses of rocks are piled up for thousands of feet above us, and in some places overhang the road until they can be seen from the opposite side of the car.

At Red Cliffs, a small mining town, the cañon narrows down until there is hardly room for the river to tumble through. We are now in the famous Red Cliff mining district. Most of the largest and best paying mines are located in the face of the rocks and walls of rocks we have just passed. It would seem impossible for man to reach the mines situated thousands of feet above us, and yet as we gaze up the dizzy heights and see, perched on the rock ledge, a stationary engine vigorously puffing, we are wont to exclaim, What can not man do! The ores from these mines are lowered to the railroad below, in some cases by means of a very steep incline tramway, the wedge shaped car being laden with ore and let down with a cable until it reaches a position directly over the railroad car below, when they strike a buffer which loosens a catch in the large end of the tramcar, the other end swinging out and thus emptying the ore. In other cases the rocks are too nearly perpendicular to admit of a tramway, and the ore is lowered by means of an endless cable to which is attached buckets loaded with ore. In this manner they are lowered to a point over the railroad car, when an automatic pulley is thrown out which turns the bucket over, and in so doing drops the contents below.

Leaving the Eagle River Cañon we run through the valley formed by the junction of the Eagle and Grand Rivers. As we follow the latter river we enter the "Cañon of the Grand." The first objects on entering this cañon are the lava beds, the result of extensive volcanic eruptions which must have taken place centuries ago, as no volcanoes are known to exist in this section to-day.

"Gradually the valley narrows, high bluffs hem us in on the left, the river is close to the track on the right, and its fertile banks suddenly change into a tumbling, twisting, black and blasted expanse of scoria. The few trees on the hither side of the stream are also black, an inheritance of fire, and the water under the black banks and reflecting the blackened trees, take on a



swarthy hue. Just beyond, a distant glimpse of fertile country, and the clear waters of the Eagle are lost in the muddy current of the Grand, and a cañon greater in extent and more varied in character than that of the Arkansas opens upon us. As the train speeds downward, the mountains on the horizon behind us seem to rise upwards towards the zenith, as though the miracle of creation was being repeated before our eyes. Soon, however, the distant mountains are shut out and only the sky above, the river and track beneath, and the cliffs around, are visible, and here begins a panorama kaleidoscopic in its ever-changing forms and colors, the wonder of one who sees, the despair of the one who wishes to tell others what he saw."

"In a moment darkness and the increased rumble of wheels, then light and another marvellous view. We have passed tunnel No. 1." Darkness again for a minute, and blue sky again. For the third time darkness, and then the glorious light, and before us, nestling as a fawn in the heart of the mountains, is the goal of our journey — Glenwood Springs. This is the great mountain health and pleasure resort of Colorado, a gem in a setting of rough and rugged mountains. Nature has so completely walled this spot in that it is impossible to see where the outlets between the mountains are. Here are the well known Glenwood Boiling Springs, so noted for their curative and healing qualities. It is said that for years before the foot of the "pale-face" trod the soil of Colorado, the Indians from hundreds of miles around made journeys to this place, drank and bathed in the waters of the springs, and became cured of all their ills. So great was the veneration in which was held the "Waters of the Great Spirit," as they termed them, that a mutual truce was held with all the tribes going there.

The springs are located on the west side of the Grand River, where the waters boil out of the ground at a remarkably high temperature, and are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, lime, carbonate of soda, iron, magnesia etc., that the odor can be detected a mile and more away to the windward. There is a magnificent hotel built near the larger of the springs, with spacious lawns, walks, and drives. The swimming-pool is very large, and the water is of a temperature that one can take a comfortable bath in mid-winter.

Glenwood is a charming spot in which to spend a few months, with hunting in the mountains, where large game abounds, trout fishing in the River Grande, bathing in the springs, and a climate perfume laden, as it were, and extremely healthy. Leaving this beautiful garden spot behind us, and winding in and out among the mountains, we think that another of nature's wonders has been seen, and conclude that there could be no place better fitted for the location of these springs than just where they have been placed.

We are now getting toward the foot of the Rocky Range, and as we take a mental review of the mammoth gorges, vast walls, great rocks, and mountain

piled upon mountain, we are free to admit with thousands before us that our American scenery is surpassed by none in the world. One of the passengers in our party exclaimed, in a moment of enthusiasm, "The greatest tribute nature ever paid her own greatness is to be found here in the Rocky Mountains."

About fifteen miles below Glenwood we reach New Castle, the coal producing section of Colorado. How wonderful that God in nature has placed within the reach and at the disposal of man all these precious and necessary mineral deposits within the radius of a few hundred miles.

New Castle is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, and is located on the banks of the Grand. The coal mines are situated on both sides of the river, and are in plain view from the windows of our cars. Stopping here only a few minutes we speed on down the river, and presently we note that the valley has widened, and we find ourselves passing grain and stock farms, or ranches as they are termed here. After all the massive scenery we have viewed, we naturally form the opinion that these fields of wheat and oats, nodding their heads as we pass them by, form an oasis in a desert of rocks, as it were. We are lost in a reverie summing up what we have seen in order that future reference can be made of it, and wondering why, when we get west of the Rockies, they have no farms, but all ranches, when our engine, by a long whistle, announces that we are nearing another station. In a few minutes we are at the depot, and it proves to be Grand Junction, the western terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad System, and also the junction of the broad and narrow gauge divisions of the same road. Having enjoyed so much the beautiful scenery on the broad or standard gauge division through Leadville, over Tennessee Pass, and through the Eagle and Grand Cañons, we cannot but wish that we could also traverse the narrow gauge via Marshall Pass, Black River Cañon, and the valley of the Gunnison.

We now turn our attention to the city of Grand Junction, which has a population of about five thousand. It is a thriving little city, lighted by electricity, and with its street-car lines and daily papers is up to the times in every sense of the word. Mining and grain and stock raising are its chief industries. There is a smeltery here, and the city is certainly destined some day to be a lively commercial centre.



CURRUCANTI NEEDLE.



## VII.

"WE BELIEVE IT IS A DUTY TO LIVE PAST SEVENTY."—



The next chapter in our western journey begins when we leave Grand Junction, on the Rio Grande Western Railway, this being the eastern terminus of that also scenic system. We have been so dazed by the unexpected sights on our journey so far, that we wonder if this road upon which we now find ourselves can furnish any new scenes. Even as we entertain these thoughts we see the valley narrowing, until we enter the lower cañon of the Grand. We seem to think that this will probably be a duplicate of the last cañon through which we passed, but we begin to perceive that the color and nature of the rock has changed, and that we are now among the red sandstone, and in the region which furnishes the State of Colorado with its red building material.

Here is more curious work of nature. The country above us, or on top of the walls which hem us in, is comparatively level, while the river, in its continuous rush, is yearly making its bed deeper in this cañon. In some places the walls on either side of us are worn down as straight and true as though hewn out by the hand of man. In other places they take a gentle slope, while still in others they are gouged, torn, and carved, as

though nature in her wrath had determined to disfigure them in all manner of shapes. Here and there can be seen a large abutment jut out, as if left in position to keep the main wall from falling, while in the distance we see places where the wall has been worn or torn away, leaving portals standing alone, seemingly ready to topple over.

Here we also see the "Three Brothers." These are three monuments of rock entirely separated from each other, and so nearly alike that it is hard to believe they were not carved so intentionally.

In several places in the cañon streams join the Grand River, and they, too, have worn their way through this great red sand-rock. At the angles where the streams join the river the rock runs out into a point, reminding one of the prow of a monstrous ship.

"Oh, mamma," cried one of our little fellow-passengers, "see that old woman's head sticking up out of the rocks." Sure enough there it was, with its great hooked nose, prominent chin, sunken cheeks, and apparent large nightcap; and when told by our manager and guide that that rock was called the "Witch's Head," we realized that our little traveller was but one of the many who noticed the remarkable resemblance.

We are now nearing the line which divides Colorado and Utah States, and upon being told that we could tell when we cross it, all hands are on the *qui vive*, with windows up and heads out, each desiring to be the first to discover it. In a few minutes, as we round a curve, we see painted on the great wall two black lines with a white line between them, while on one side is painted Colorado and on the other Utah. When we have passed this point we know we are in the land of the Mormons. In a short time the country begins to change. We swing away from the river and out on the open plains, with their clay hills and alkali. No living thing is to be seen as far as the eye can reach, except now and then a sneaking coyote which skulks away at the approach of the train as though ashamed to be seen. Again we will see a turkey bustard wheeling and circling around above us, evidently looking for the putrefying carcass of some poor, unfortunate animal that has wandered out on this desert and died, upon which he will alight and gorge himself.

As compared with the country we have just left behind us this is dreary indeed, but it tends to make us more fully appreciate what we have already seen.

However, our run in the desert is comparatively short, and gives us a variety of scenery which some of us look upon for the first time. We have read of a desert, and now we find ourselves in the midst of one, with its cactus and sand.

Away to the southwest can be seen the towering hills and peaks of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,—that weird and mysterious gorge of which

the whole world knows, but which few have seen, and probably no man ever traversed its entire length.

Now we are nearing the Book Mountains, a spur of the Wasatch Range, which runs north and south through Utah. The well-known Book Cliffs lie on our right. We skirt the base of these mountains, and they present a peculiar formation of rock and clay quite different from what we have yet seen. The strata in these cliffs seem to keep a true horizontal position, and on the same level, although at intervals it is broken; and for miles the mountains may have entirely crumbled away and disappeared, yet when they reach the same height again the same formation appears. It is on the summit and in the rocks of these mountains that some of the best specimens of fossilized fish, shells, and ocean plants have been found, and now grace our cabinets and museums.

As the sailor at sea cries "Land ho!" so some one in the party cries "Timber ahead!" What is it? The Green River flowing south to join the Grand and form the Colorado. It is a pleasant sight, after the past few hours on the desert, to see the willows and cottonwood growing along the bank of this river, and we seem refreshed to breathe the perfume-laden atmosphere which arises from the river as we cross it and enter the Green River station. Here our engine receives a fresh supply of water. From the car windows we can see green shaded lawns, and opposite to us the hotel. Opposite the station a fountain is playing, and in fact we find this a veritable oasis, which shows that even the desert may be made to bloom like the rose with a little water and cultivation. Leaving Green River, we pass through another stretch of barren country, until a few hours' run brings us to the Price River, when we turn and follow it.

We now find ourselves at the base of the Wasatch Mountains, over which we must cross to reach the "Promised Land," the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. We now enter the Price River Cañon at a station called Helper. At this station we also take our Sunday morning breakfast, most of our desert run having been made during the night, and we are now ready for a new series of sights. Taking on an extra engine, a mountain climber as it is termed, we are now ready for a new start, and, as the railroad hands say, "we make a run for the hill." Such a hill it is, too! Nature must have tried to throw the world up edgewise and then rend it in two.

We climb, climb, climb! now behind rocks, now under rocks, now around rocks, and, with the exception of a few trees, nothing to look at but massive and curious-shaped boulders. We gaze in and out, and let our eyes wander up the dizzy heights, this Sunday morning, and involuntarily say to ourselves,—as we see such gigantic evidences of an all-wise Creator, in every rock reading sermon after sermon,— "Who now can say there is no God?"

After all we have seen, we think there certainly cannot be many more





Echo Cliffs.

**freaks of nature.** But yes; we are now nearing Castle Gate, — that grim sentinel and guardian of this mountain pass. First we reach Castle Gate station, a busy coal-mining town located in the heart of the mountains. The coal, after being taken from the mines, is transported to the coke-ovens. Here the gas and tar is extracted from it by subjecting it to great heat. After being reduced to a coke it is shipped to the smelteries near at hand, to aid in reducing gold and silver ore.

About one mile and a half from this station we reach the great wonder of Price River Cañon — Castle Gate. It is rather hard to describe this immense wall of rock, which, in some respects, resembles the gateway to the Garden of the Gods, and at whose feet runs the little Price River. Imagine two walls of rock running at right angles from the sides of the cañon, and being between four and five hundred feet high, with just space enough between them to allow the river and railroad to pass, and you can form an idea of this gateway. These walls are richly dyed in red, and form a beautiful contrast to the pines and firs growing at their base.

As we pass through this remarkable natural gate, the universal question which arises is, "What keeps the walls from falling?" To this we receive no answer except that there they have stood for centuries and there for centuries more they are liable to stay. Our next stop is at Pleasant Valley Junction. At this point the valley gets wider and the country more open as we near Soldiers' Summit, the crest of the Wasatch, so called because of a battle which took place between the United States troops and the Indians years ago.

Leaving the summit in the distance we run down through the Clear Creek and Spanish Fork Cañons amid beautiful scenery. Unlike the other side of the mountain, we find here the rocks are replaced by shrubs and timbers. After leaving Spanish Fork Cañon we ride out into the Valley of the great Salt Lake, or properly the Utah Lake Valley, this being the head of the Salt Lake Valley on the east. The view as we reach and leave the mouth of the cañon is very fine. Below and to our left is Utah Lake, a body of fresh water about four miles wide and ten long, looking, as the sun strikes it, like a vast body of burnished silver. On our right rise the Uintah or Mormon Mountains, with their peaks covered with snow and reaching far above the clouds. The valley is very fertile and thickly settled, nearly all the settlers being Mormons.

We next pass through Springville, a thrifty settlement of about three thousand people, with its streets shaded with beautiful locust trees, past a Mormon church erected in 1852; past an old grist-mill located on a little stream, whose waters are carried over and thrown on the old-fashioned water-wheel, giving the whole the appearance more of a quaint New England village than a town in the Far West.

Passing these scenes we now stop at Provo, another Mormon town, and one where we appease the ravenous appetite which the mountain air has given us. Here we notice a very large and conspicuous building, having painted



on its front and sides in large imposing letters "Z. C. M. I." In answer to our inquiry the manager informs us that the letters stand for Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution, and that such buildings are to be found in every



Mormon town, and that they belong to and are operated by the "Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints" (the Mormon Church). It is here the Mormon farmers take all their hay, grain, stock, produce, etc., and after the tithe (tenth) has been taken out for the church, sell the remainder for the price they give, and in return buy their clothing, hardware, dry goods, groceries, etc., at the prices they ask.

One would naturally infer that this system was an excellent one for the Church at least. Leaving Provo we run a distance close to the lake, and find it a sparkling body of clear fresh water. The disciples of Isaak Walton find in this lake a paradise, as it is the home of the sought-for lake trout.

Presently we bear away and run down through the valley of the Jordan River, which flows from the Utah Lake and empties into the Great Salt Lake. This river was named by Brigham Young when he first settled in Utah, presumably from its resemblance to the River Jordan in the Holy Land. It is remarkable to note the similarity, this river being crooked, quite rapid, and of a yellowish color, and tallies closely with the old Jordan which has its source in the Sea of Gallilee and empties into the Dead Sea. On our left can be seen Mount Nebo, with its bare sides and summit standing up against the sky back of Salt Lake.

At Jordan Narrows "we cross over Jordan" dry shod, but not as it was done in Bible times, for here we cross on a bridge. Considering the surroundings, and the fact that it is the Sabbath day, someone in our party starts the old hymn, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and is soon joined by our whole party. It is said that at the Narrows Brigham Young used to baptize all the converts to the Mormon Church.

About one hour's run through this lovely valley, a veritable garden spot, brings us in sight of Salt Lake City, so well known to all, even those who have never visited it, that a description is almost useless. The city is located at the foot of the Uintah Mountains. The land having a gentle slope to the south and east makes the location all that could be desired, and gives the tourist, coming from the east on the train, a chance to get a magnificent view of the city. The streets are all laid out at perfect right angles, and are one hundred and thirty feet wide, being shaded on both sides with large locust trees.

On some one remarking the large number of locust trees, we are informed that when the city was comparatively new, Brigham Young, the great head of the Mormon Church, had a vision, and in this vision, it is said, he talked with God, and God told him the city must be planted with locust trees. It was so ordered and done.

A great many people (the worldly minded of course), and especially the Gentiles, say that this vision was had, and the locust tree command given, for the reason that Brigham, and no one else, had a very large nursery filled with



The first flour in Utah

young trees. Be that as it may, he furnished nearly all the trees and cleared thousands of dollars by so doing.

This calls to mind another dispensation from God to Brigham. Some years ago, it is said, he had a vision in which God forbade all good Mormons eating pork, that it was unclean. The result was that these good Mormons disposed of all their hogs until none remained in all the land. In the meantime Brigham Young began the hog-raising industry, and in a short time had thousands of them, while the people felt very keenly the loss of their staple meat. In a few years another vision was had, and another dispensation to Brigham in the way of raising the taboo on pork, and, instead, a command given to eat it. Of course Brigham had hogs to sell, and his coffers were filled accordingly.

As we enter the city the great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle is passed in plain view from the car windows. This temple is a monstrous building composed of silver granite, and overlooks the whole city. It has four large towers, and when finished will be surmounted with a mammoth statue of Gabriel blowing his trumpet. The walls of the building are composed of massive blocks of granite, and are seven feet in thickness. The foundations are sunken twenty feet below the surface, the first ten feet is a solid mass of cement and rubble, and on this begins the granite walls. It has been in the course of construction forty years, and it is claimed it will take six more years to finish it. If such is the case it will have taken the same length of time that it took to build the temple in Jerusalem.

Salt Lake City is growing very rapidly, and is a great commercial centre. The climate is very fine nearly the whole year, and the city is situated only a few miles from the Great Salt Lake, one of the best boating and fishing resorts in the country. Near the city, also, are several boiling springs whose waters are of noted medicinal qualities. The city has outgrown Mormonism, and for two years the government has been in the hands of the Gentiles, and will probably remain so. Business is brisk and the people thriving and contented generally.

After a stop here we again move on our way "west," and are now coming in sight of Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America. At first we cross the low, marshy lagoons that stretch back from the lake proper, and here we find that salt-making is quite an industry. The water of the lake is sixteen per cent salt, and at the works there are large plants of land graded level, with dykes built around the edge to retain the water. A gate through this dyke is opened and the enclosure flooded, then the gate is again closed, and in a few days the sun has evaporated the water leaving the salt crystals on the ground. This is gathered and refined or cleaned, and is then ready for the market. The great heaps of unrefined salt we see resemble piles of dirty snow.



## *OCEAN TO OCEAN.*

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Salt Lake is a beautiful body of water seventy miles long, and thirty wide at its widest point. The shores are very irregular, in some places low and marshy, and in others great mountains run out into the lake. There are several islands, and altogether it is an excellent place for boating and bathing, the specific gravity of the water being so great that it is impossible for one to sink lower than one's armpits.

The noon hour finds us at Ogden, the railroad centre of Utah, and the terminus of the Rio Grande Western Railway. Here our cars are attached to the Central Pacific train, and we are ready for the run to the coast. Ogden is a busy city of twenty thousand inhabitants, built close to the base of the Uintah Mountains and at the mouth of the Ogden Cañon.



## VIII.

LEAVING Ogden we run due west, continuing our course through the beautiful Salt Lake Valley, making stops at Corrine, Promontory, and Kilton, towns situated on the northern end of the lake. We now strike out into the plains of Utah and Nevada. At Truckee, a little town on the Nevada border, we take supper. During the night we pass nothing of particular interest, our course lying over the plains of Nevada. We arise early with the sun, however, and this Monday morning finds us speeding along the course of the Humboldt River, which runs diagonally through the State of Nevada, until lost in the slough known as the Humboldt Sink. As we pass this point we find one more of nature's freaks. The Humboldt, together with two or three smaller streams, flows into this small, lake-like slough and disappears, evidently having an underground outlet, but where is not known.

We breakfast at Wadsworth, a small station on the Truckee River, and here a new sight awaits us. As soon as the train stops it is surrounded with Indians of all sizes and ages, and both male and female, hoping to receive some of the lunch which any member of our party may have to give them. They will take anything; stale bread or meat, dry cake or crackers, in fact anything that goes out of the window goes into their aprons or pockets. Aprons or pockets, did I say? Yes; they are Piutes, and dressed, some of them gaily so. Here is a squaw with a bright yellow print dress, and a green handkerchief over her head, while her cheeks are painted a vivid red, having yellow streaks running from the mouth down to the chin, and from the eyes up to the roots of her hair, the latter hanging down her back in a black mass like a horse's tail. At her side is a buck or warrior with a pair of linen pants, which might have been white once, and a blue military coat with brass buttons. The more brass buttons he can get to adorn his person the better pleased he is. His face is painted a bright yellow and streaked with red and black, while on each cheek is a daub of white about the size of a half-dollar. On his head is a large hat with two or three eagle or turkey feathers stuck in it, and over his shoulder is thrown a blanket containing all the colors of the rainbow.

On their feet they usually wear moccasins, but occasionally one will have a pair of high-heeled Spanish boots. If the latter be the case, he is wonderfully dressed up in his companions' eyes. They all, men, women and children, wear beads, sometimes great strings going thirty or forty times





around their necks. The young girls seem to be the nurses, and are generally seen with the little papooses, which are strapped tightly to a board made for the purpose. All that can be seen of them are their little copper-colored faces sticking out from underneath a little awning which is arranged over the top of the board. If the little nurse wishes to go away or play with the others, she leans the little imp against a fence, building, or tree, as unconcerned as though it were an ironing board, which it very much resembles, and there will leave it for hours at a time; but one seldom hears the papoose cry.

One of our party asked a warrior if he worked, and the answer was, "No, squaw she work."

Leaving Wadsworth our course lies up the Truckee River, which river we hail with delight, for the reason that our manager has informed us that it has its source in California. It is a beautiful river, clear and sparkling as it flows over the rocks, and its waters are mostly supplied by the melting snow up in the Sierra Nevadas. Presently we reach Reno, one of the largest cities in Nevada, the population of which is something like ten thousand, and is the junction point of the Central Pacific and Carson City & Nevada Railroads. The passengers in our party *en route* to Virginia and Carson cities leave our train at the place and proceed southward to their destination.

Reno is situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevadas, and leaving the station we run into the mountains, through cañons and gorges, among rocks and trees, seeing at every turn pleasant scenery. Presently, the manager announces that we are near the State line, and as we look from the windows we see a small granite monument standing near the track, upon which we see the word Nevada; and we discover, after having passed and looked back, the word California on the other.

We are now in the "Golden State," and every one in the party is rejoicing at the scenery which, with high mountains and rocks, and gigantic pine and redwood trees, gives more color and life than at any other place through which we have passed.

At Truckee we change one engine for two, as there is another mountain climb ahead of us. Truckee is a small lumbering town, and from here one can go by stage to Lake Tahoe, a beautiful summer hunting and fishing resort up in the summit of the Sierras. Our path now lies for a time along the river, then we swing away up into the mountains, around the Mule Shoe Curve, and on up until we are away above the river. Presently, darting out around a curve, the sight which meets our gaze is truly grand. Below us, long, narrow and glistening, nestled in among the mountains, is Donner Lake. This lake of pure snow and spring water is full of fish, while in the forests around it can be found large quantities of game. There is quite a history connected with this lake, and a sad one, too.



KNIGHT LEONARD & CO - CHICAGO

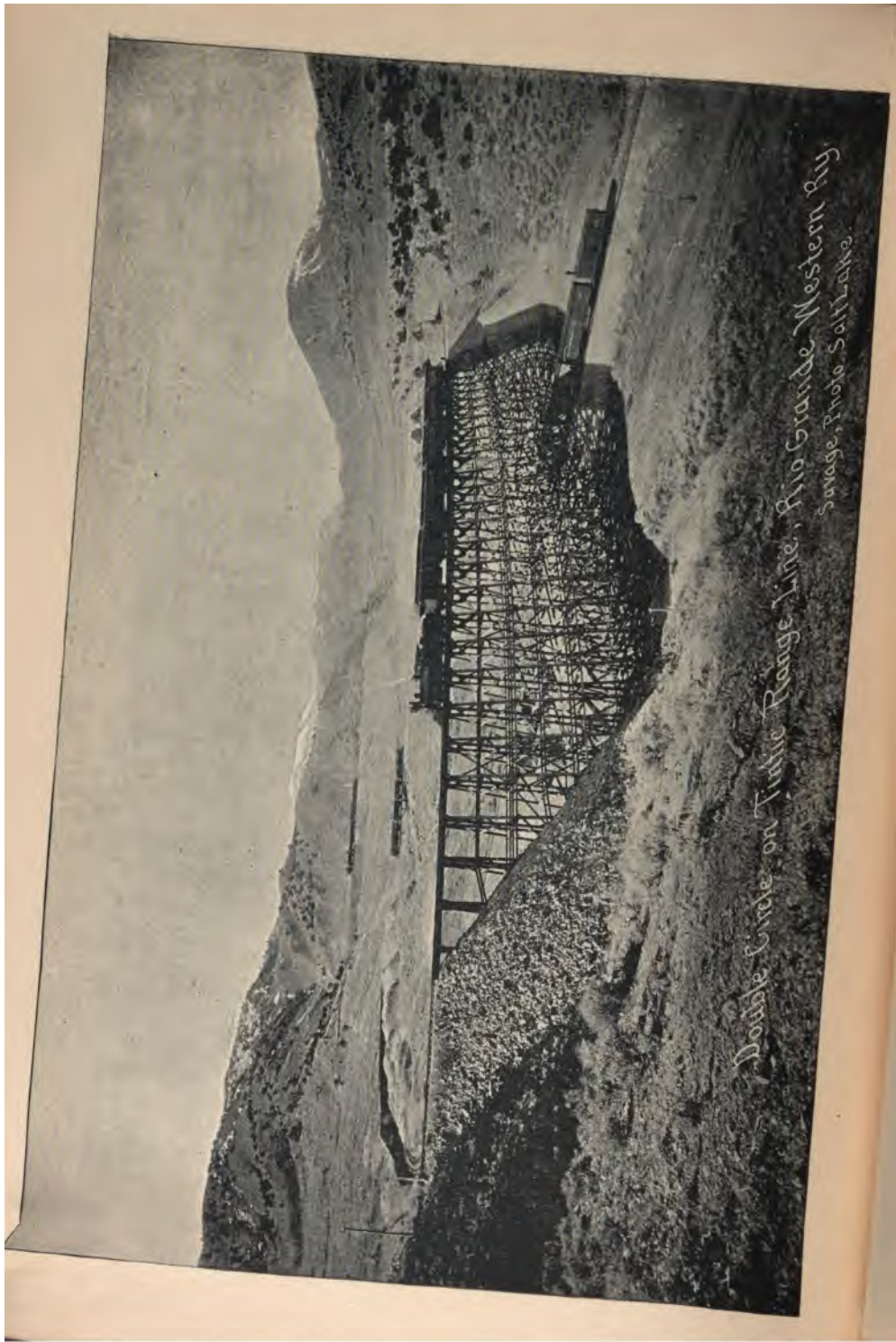
CLIFF DWELLERS.

Away back in the forties when people were flocking to the Pacific coast overland with oxen and horse teams, there was a party of about eighty, of which the leading spirit was a Mr. Donnor. He had with him a large family, and was the selected captain of the party. They were late in crossing the mountains, and when they reached this lake a heavy snow storm came on and prevented any further travel for the winter. Shortly provisions began to give out and starvation stared them in the face; and to add to their troubles the winter was unusually severe, and it was almost impossible to keep warm. At last a party of six volunteered to start over the snow, on snow-shoes, and try to reach Dutch Flat, on the other side of the mountain, where they could secure relief and send food to the starving party at the lake. The start was made amidst untold hardships, as was also the long journey, and but one of the six lived to reach Dutch Flat, the other five having perished in the storm. A large party of hunters, miners, and those great-hearted frontiersmen at once prepared to rescue the Donnor party. They started over the mountain, each with what provisions he could carry, and after many days of trial and weary travel reached the camp, only to find that all but a few of the company had died of starvation, and the few survivors had resorted to the horrible practice of cannibalism. The living were cared for, and the next summer the bodies of the dead were removed to a place of burial. From that time this beautiful little lake has been called Donnor Lake, and such is the story of the name as told, and terrible, indeed, must have been the suffering of those doomed people.

After hearing this story related by our manager, we glanced from the window and found we were on the edge of the Blue Cañon. Here we can look away below us for one or two thousand feet, where the trees look like shrubs; the atmosphere below us has a hazy appearance, which is quite uncommon, but gives a very pleasing effect. Among these mountains, like the Rockies, one must see the scenery in order to appreciate it, not that there is anything unusually prominent, but the whole is on such a grand scale and blends so harmoniously, that one never tires of looking upon and admiring it. Down past Dutch Flat and Gold Run, the scene of the great hydraulic mining excitement in the fifties, the country is cut and torn until it looks as though there had been some terrible eruptions in ages past.

In other places whole hills have been washed away and vast ravines gouged out of the mountains by the heavy pressure of waters brought to bear upon them. The miners would pipe a mountain stream from hundreds of feet above until there was an enormous pressure at the nozzle of the pipe, then turn it against the hill. Thus they would wash down the earth, rock, and gold into a large flume which carried it away and emptied it into the rivers or gulches below. In the bottom of this flume were fixed riffles or slats crosswise, and the gold, being the heavier, would lodge behind these





Double Circle on Tuttle Range Line, Rio Grande Western Ry.  
Savage, Photo. Salt Lake.

while the rock and earth would be carried away by the force of the water. At night, when the water was turned off, the gold would be gathered from this flume.

After leaving Gold Run we go around Cape Horn, one of the most beautiful sights on the whole trip. Our train crawls around a point of the mountains on a little shelf of rock just wide enough for the tracks, and we can look almost directly below into the American River, a distance of over two thousand feet. We stop a few minutes at Colfax, and then on we go through a beautiful mountainous country; but we find that a change is taking place. The rocks are becoming scarce, the soil is of a rich red color, and every few miles we pass an orchard or vineyard nestling in among the hills.

The ravine soon grows wider and the country more open, while ranches and orchards are more numerous and towns are more frequently passed. Presently we enter the Sacramento Valley, past orange groves with their dark green foliage and golden fruit, also past orchards of apricots, peaches, and prunes, until we reach the city of Sacramento, the capital of the "Golden State." Here our train is divided, part of it going on to San Francisco, and the remainder going south to Los Angeles. As we are bound for that Queen City of southern sunshine, we bid a good-bye to our Frisco-bound friends, and wishing them a God-speed, amid hand shakes and a flutter of handkerchiefs, they leave the Sacramento station, continuing their course through the valley of the Sacramento. Presently they cross the strait connecting the Bay of San Pablo and Suisun Bay, on the largest transfer boat in the world, — the Solona, — capable of carrying four passenger trains, with engines attached, at one time. This transfer boat lands our train at Port Costa, and after a short run we reach Oakland, and next Oakland Pier station, where all passengers alight and are transferred over San Francisco Bay, a distance of eight miles, on one of the most comfortable ferryboats (built expressly for this service) into San Francisco, the city of the Golden Gate.

Thus we have followed our friends to their destination, and we now turn our attention to the city of Sacramento, which city we leave for southern points. Sacramento, by the way, is one of the oldest cities in California, and the capital of the State. The state-house is built after a model of the National Capitol building at Washington, and is an imposing structure, situated in the midst of a beautiful and well-kept park. Within the building may be seen many things of interest to the tourist, conspicuous among which is a group of statuary cut from one block of marble, and representing Columbus pleading his cause before Queen Elizabeth. This is considered the finest work of its kind in America, and its original cost was \$90,000.

Leaving Sacramento we next pass through Stockton, another old California city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Here is located the State Insane Asylum, seen very plainly from our cars. At Lathrop, our next stop, our



Temple Square.



Exposition Bldg.



Board of Trade.



The Garfield House,  
or Amelia's Palace.

Views  
in  
Salt Lake  
City.



Under the  
Temple Walls.



Brigham Young's  
Grave



Judson excursion cars are attached to the Southern Overland Express, a fast southbound train.

We now run through the beautiful and well-known San Joaquin Valley, which is about fifty miles wide and two hundred long, and lies between the Sierra Nevadas on the east, and the Coast Range on the west. This is destined to become one of the greatest fruit and grain-producing valleys in the West. The next important station is Fresno, which is situated in the centre of the raisin-producing district, and from where thousands of carloads of raisins are shipped annually. We next pass through Tulare, the home of the peach, prune, and apricot, and arrive at Bakersfield, where we exchange one engine for two, and prepare to cross the Tehachapi Mountains, through a pass by the same name. We begin to ascend the mountain proper at Caliente, and in order to reach the summit, a distance of thirty miles, we are obliged to pass through twenty tunnels. About one hour's run from Caliente brings us back in plain view of the same station, and near enough to shoot a rifle-ball into it: but we are above in the mountains. From here we get a grand view; looking away across the Caliente Cañon and over the mountains, we can see the San Joaquin Valley which we left hours ago. Presently, we stop at Keene, and from here start around the world-famed Tehachapi loop, actually turning one complete circle and more than two-thirds of another in order to get up the heavy grade.

At one point we can see four tracks (the one upon which we are running making five) parallel to each other, but each one a step higher in elevation. In forming the circle we run through a tunnel, wind around a conical hill, and pass directly over the top of the tunnel above mentioned, and which we passed through a short time before. After leaving this point we wind around still further, and, rushing through another tunnel, emerge at the other side of the mountain to see no more of the loop.

A short run brings us to Tehachapi station, which has an elevation of about five thousand feet, and from where we begin to descend the mountain. Twenty more miles and we arrive at Mojave, the junction of the Southern Pacific and the Atlantic & Pacific Railroads. From here our path lies through great forests of Yucca palms, over the Saladang Mountains, through a cañon of the same name, through the Newhall tunnel (one and one-half miles in length), down through the San Fernando Valley with its old Spanish mission and orange groves, across the Los Angeles River, and our train rolls into the Arcade depot, and we realize that we are at last in the Pueblo de Los Angeles. We are dusty and travel stained, and now that we have reached the goal of our journey, we bid a hasty farewell to our travelling companions, and a reluctant adieu to our Judson excursion manager, — who had so kindly looked after our comfort, and pointed out all places of interest and note *en route*, — and seek our respective destinations or havens of rest. As most



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

of our passengers will probably spend a few days in Los Angeles before proceeding farther, we will leave them to seek the many beauties of that renowned city, whose praises have been sung so often that to describe it would be useless, —

“ Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on, thro’ a whole year of flowers.”





# LIST OF

# Hotels and Boarding Houses

TO WHICH WE CAN RECOMMEND OUR PATRONS.

RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY AND UPWARD.

## COLORADO.

CITY.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
Aspen.....	The Clarendon.....	Deming & Phillips.
Cañon City.....	Royal Gorge Hot Springs.....	J. L. Prentiss, M.D.
Colorado Springs.....	The New Alamo.....	P. C. Helm.
Denver.....	American.....	Charles E. Meyers.
".....	The Windsor.....	Henry B. Adsit.
".....	Union.....	Smith & Dovel.
".....	Grand Central.....	M. D. Van Horn.
".....	St. James.....	Maier & Clark.
Glenwood Springs.....	Hotel Glenwood.....	Wm. Gelder.
Leadville.....	Hotel Kitchen.....	Kitchen Bros.
Manitou Springs.....	Iron Springs.....	H. T. Blake.
".....	Ruxton.....	T. A. Wood.
Pueblo.....	Fifth Avenue.....	Frank LeBaron.
".....	Farris.....	J. R. Farris.

## CALIFORNIA.

Anderson.....	Anderson.....	G. B. Dales.
Auburn.....	Freeman.....	W. A. Freeman.
Arcata.....	Union.....	R. Roberts.
Alameda.....	The Encinal.....	J. G. Crowl.
Angels Camp.....	Golder Eagle.....	Edward Eddy.
Boulder Creek.....	Lorenzo.....	Joseph Elliott.
Benecia.....	Palace (free carriage).....	Mrs. P. D. Stewart.
Berkeley.....	Archeson's.....	Fred Fonzo.
Byron.....	Byron.....	Mrs. M. M. Grover.
Colusa.....	National.....	A. Bond.
Chico.....	The Johnson.....	C. H. Johnson.
".....	New Chico.....	J. W. Thompson.
Calistoga.....	Magnolia.....	C. H. Young.
Castroville.....	St. James.....	Mrs. P. Murphy.
Cloverdale.....	Grand.....	J. Frazier.
Colton.....	Cottage Home.....	P. Webber.
Coronado Beach.....	Hotel del Coronado.....	H. N. Cook.
".....	Josephine.....	Mrs. M. E. Connor.
Dutch Flat.....	Dutch Flat.....	E. Mallows.
Dixon.....	Arcade.....	S. Kumle.
Davisville.....	Hunt.....	F. Hunt.
Elmira.....	Occidental.....	J. Higgs.
Eureka.....	Western.....	D. Murphy.
Fairfield.....	Fairfield.....	Mrs. A. E. Hooper.
Ferndale.....	American.....	L. Canepa.
Fresno.....	Grand Central.....	F. G. Berry.
Gilroy.....	Southern Pacific.....	Jno. Gassner.
".....	Gilroy.....	Wm. Tobin.
Grass Valley.....	Holbrook.....	M. T. Hubbard.
Galt.....	Commercial.....	C. W. McLoughlin.
Hayward's.....	American.....	J. D. Austin.
".....	Oakes.....	A. G. Oakes.
Hollister.....	McMahon.....	W. Eastman.
Heldsburg.....	Sotoyome.....	C. W. Chapin.
Ione.....	The Arcade.....	Chas. Tonsey.
Jackson.....	Globe.....	W. O. Green.
Lodi.....	Lodi.....	Jas. Caven.

# LIST OF HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.—Concluded.

## CALIFORNIA.—Concluded.

CITY.	HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.
Lincoln .....	Purdy .....	Fi. B. Purdy.
Lower Lake .....	Clear Lake .....	Mrs. E. Phibot.
Livermore .....	Washington .....	O. V. Mendenhall.
Los Gatos .....	Los Gatos .....	Gertridge & Hunter.
Los Angeles .....	Hotel Nadeau .....	Schreiber & Bonsall.
" .....	St. Elmo .....	G. Jones.
" .....	St. Angelo .....	C. Freeman.
Marysville .....	United States .....	S. Lewek.
Menlo Park .....	Menlo Park .....	Martin Kuck.
Martinez .....	United States .....	L. Lewek.
Mayfield .....	Occidental .....	F. Spurgeon.
Maxwell .....	Maxwell .....	J. H. Hacke.
Monterey .....	Pacific Ocean (Home comfort.s) .....	Mrs. Chambré.
Napa City .....	Revere .....	M. A. Muser.
Nevada City .....	National Exchange .....	Rector Bros.
Oakland .....	Galindo .....	Wright & Mallory.
Oroville .....	New United States .....	Mr. Condy.
Paso Robles .....	Alexander .....	S. W. Short.
Pasadena .....	Raymond .....	C. H. Merrill, Mgr.
Pacific Grove .....	El Carmelo .....	W. B. Wood.
Placerville .....	Placer .....	Mrs. Kruner.
Pajaro .....	Pajaro .....	J. S. Kidder.
Pataluma .....	Western Hotel .....	Ludy & Schlutter.
Pomona .....	Central .....	J. J. Coyle.
Redwood City .....	Redwood City .....	I. C. Hynding.
Red Bluff .....	National .....	Mrs. B. Reid.
Redding .....	Golden Eagle .....	Jno. R. Lowdon.
Riverside .....	Arlington .....	H. B. Everest.
San Francisco .....	American .....	Wm. Montgomery.
" .....	New Western .....	King, Ward & Co.
San Louis Obispo .....	Runnels .....	(First-class family home).
San Rafael .....	Cypress Villa .....	Mrs. Jordan.
Santa Rosa .....	Tupper .....	Geo. A. Tupper.
San Mateo .....	Union .....	F. E. Byrnes.
San Lendo .....	San Lendo .....	N. Hendriksen.
Santa Clara .....	Valley .....	F. O. Salberg.
Salinas .....	Abott .....	H. J. Lind.
San Jose .....	St. James .....	Tyler Beach.
San Diego .....	Charlton .....	W. A. Dorris.
Santa Cruz .....	Sea Beach .....	Jno. T. Sullivan.
Sacramento .....	Western .....	Wm. Land.
St. Helena .....	Windsor .....	R. Field.
Stockton .....	Yosemite (Free bus) .....	H. W. Sharp.
Sisson .....	New York .....	J. L. McDaniels.
San Bernardino .....	Southern .....	C. Krutz.
San Buena Ventura .....	Occidental .....	J. B. Swearingen.
Santa Barbara .....	Commercial .....	W. S. Low.
Santa Paula .....	The Petrolia .....	W. F. Johnson.
Truckee .....	The Arcade .....	H. W. Meyer.
Ukiah .....	The Donahoe .....	Miss H. V. Perry.
Vallejo .....	Howard .....	R. J. Harrington.
Vacaville .....	Grand Central .....	Thos. Doolan.
Willows .....	Cowart .....	Z. T. Cowart.
" .....	Willows .....	E. M. Muller.
Woodland .....	Byrne's .....	J. H. Doolittle.
Watsonville .....	Lewis .....	A. Lewis.
Wheatland .....	Central .....	Wm. Amick.

## NEVADA.

Carson City .....	The Arlington .....	Stein Bros.
Reno .....	Golden Eagle .....	A. H. Barnes.
Virginia City .....	The International .....	Ash & Patterson.

## OREGON.

Portland .....	Plaza .....	E. J. McCormick.
" .....	Osborne .....	Carroll & Mumford.
" .....	The Portland .....	C. E. Leland.

## A CARD.

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To the patrons of the Judson Overland Excursions,  
in whose interest this book is issued, we desire to  
say that we will be pleased to have them use all of

THE JUDSON EXCURSION OFFICES

as

BUREAUS OF INFORMATION.

If you are a stranger in a strange city, and desire  
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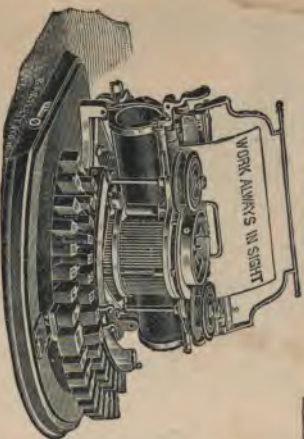
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just added to the Quincy House, under the supervision and direction of the Inspectors of Buildings for the city of Boston, and officially approved by them February 6, 1893. This equipment consists of a system of outside iron stairways and balconies passing in front of the windows on every floor, and leading from the roof to the first floor. **A child of five years could reach the ground in safety, unaided;** and immediate escape is possible for any and every guest without possibility of danger to the person whatever the excitement, peril, or confusion. Seventy-five tons of iron were used in the construction of these stairways and balconies. The balconies aggregate a total length of nearly a mile. Twelve thousand dollars represents the cost of this system of Fire Escapes, which is the largest contract for this purpose ever given by a hotel, and is unparalleled among the hotels of the United States. The proprietors of the **Quincy** consider that the comprehensiveness, efficiency, and thoroughness with which these Fire Escapes have been planned and constructed reflects the highest credit upon Chief Damrell and his assistants.



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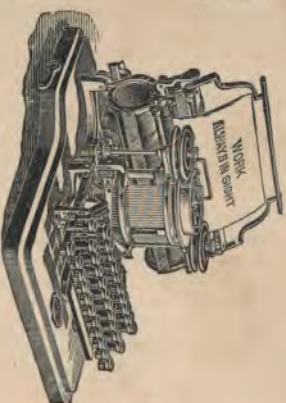
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